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LAZY.

I.

UNDER the maple tree lying supine,  
Timing the beat of a pendulum vine  
Swinging the Delawares turning to wine.

II.

Gazing straight upward a mile in the blue,  
Watching a cloud that has nothing to do,  
Wishing a deed for an acre or two;

III.

Nothing to do but come down in the rain,  
Born of the mist unto Heaven again,  
Nothing to sow and no reaping of grain.

IV.

Watching a bee in his pollen pant'loon  
Droning him home in the chrysolite noon,  
Ghost of a drummer - boy drumming a tune !

V.

Watching a jay on the cherry tree nigh,  
Stranger to love with his cruel bright eye —  
What of that jacket as blue as the sky ?

VI.

Splashing his crest with the cherry's red blood,  
Jauntiest robber that ranges the wood,  
Nothing will name him but blue Robin Hood.

VII.

Hearing a bird with her English all right  
Calling somebody from morning till night,  
Calling forever the mystic " Bob White."

## VIII.

Woman's own cousin since Adam began,  
Beautiful Voice that is wanting a man,  
Quail in a coif of the time of Queen Ann!

## IX.

Counting the leaves as they drift from the rose  
Strewing with fragrance my place of repose,  
Dying? Ah no, only changing its clothes.

## X.

Watching a spider pay out her last line,  
Working at Euclid's Geometry fine,  
Web is all woven and weaver will dine!

## XI.

Watching a fly laze along to its doom,  
Silken the meshes but death in the loom,  
Shrouded and eaten but never a tomb!

## XII.

Sparrow a - drowse on a limb overhead  
Opens an eye when the spider is fed,  
Opens a bill and the spider is dead.

## XIII.

Watching a butterfly slowly unfold  
Crowning a post with a blossom of gold,  
Strange as the rod that did blossom of old.

## XIV.

Hinged on a life is the duplicate page,  
Lettered in light by a wiser than sage,  
Lasting a summer and read for an age!

## XV.

Burst from the bonds, for that coffin was *thine*!  
Tenantless thing where the sycamores shine,  
Riven and rent and the worm is divine!

## XVI.

Born from the dust and its veriest slave,  
Hail to the herald direct from the grave!  
Pinion of Beauty resplendently wave!

## XVII.

Bringing from far what no angel could say,  
Something of them who have vanished away,  
Left me alone on this amethyst day.

## XVIII.

Rent is the chrysalis hid in the sod,  
All the dear tenantry dwelling abroad,  
Gone through the gate of the glory of God!

*Benj. F. Taylor.*

### THE SHELLEY AND THE DIALECT SCHOOLS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE rage for dialect poetry is a singular fact of the present decade, and its cause will bear investigation with profit. It is now at its culmination, and will probably disappear as rapidly as it has arisen. Bret Harte, John Hay, Carleton, and Joaquin Miller, have sprung into a blaze of ephemeral notoriety, through a certain quaintness of expression which tickles the public ear by its novelty in literature, however flat and commonplace it may be in the ordinary conversation of every-day life; and the effect will necessarily wear away as soon as that novelty departs. The truth of this assertion is manifest from the history of such writings in the past. Doesticks is no longer heard of, and even Artemas Ward is already being forgotten; while Tom Hood, Holmes, and Saxe are read and enjoyed to-day as much as ever, and will be appreciated long after the present dialect school shall have followed the enormities of Della Crusca into the dust of oblivion. Bret Harte's reputation was created by "The Heathen Chinee"; Hay's, by "Jim Bludsoe" and "Little Breeches"; and yet both of these authors have written far better things, which did not raise them from obscurity, but by which alone they will be known, if at all, fifty years to come. True and lasting humor depends upon ideas, which do not lose their ludicrous phase—not upon mere expression, which loses its quaintness as soon as the ear becomes accustomed to it. This is the secret of Dickens's humor, as well as that of Hood, Holmes, Saxe, and all the other great humorists of English literature. Their power lies in presenting to view the ludicrous phases of human nature, startling contrasts, and funny incongruities of thought and idea, which

will provoke laughter a hundred years to come as readily as to-day.

For the sudden and extreme popularity of the dialect school, there must be a sound reason. To us, it seems to be found in the reaction of the public mind against the school of poetry which has prevailed for the last fifty years, commencing with Shelley and culminating in Walt Whitman.

Of all poets of the imagination, Shelley is the prince; and, if we except only Shakspeare the incomparable, no writer of the English language has, as Poe says, so "wreaked thought upon expression" as he. And yet, no poet of English literature is so little known and appreciated. And this on account of his seeming obscurity of expression, which places him above the comprehension of the masses. With a mind turned in upon itself in rapt contemplation of its own operations and laws, his habits of thought were shaped from the very depths, and took their complexion from that world of metaphysical research into which he was plunged from boyhood. With him the ordinary methods of thought were reversed. To him the material world was but an assemblage of types of the intellectual. All his similes were drawn from the domains of psychology; and from his point of view, all the glorious things of earth were beautiful, not through gratification of the senses, but from analogy to and association with the phenomena of thought and feeling. Weak and insignificant to him was the poet's figure of

"Thought piled on thought, like Alp on Alp,"

compared with the world of meaning and of personal experience with which, while gazing on the grandest works of nature, he sang of

"Mountain on mountain piled, like thought on thought,"

and only that reader could fully comprehend the sublimity of the utterance who had passed through a similar experience of introspective and metaphysical inquiry. Thus he became pantheistic in the loftiest sense of the word, endowing every object of nature with a living, breathing spirit, whose teachings were to him as plain and intelligible as the leaves of an open book. All nature was his book and his lyre, and his own thought-teeming soul his *vade mecum*. In a word, regarding the material and physical world but as a mere adjunct to, or concomitant of, man's existence, to his etherial and spiritual ken the intellectual and moral world was the only true existence of the soul.

Hence, to the majority of readers, lacking the true key to his treasure-house of beauties, his writings are misty, vague, and difficult of comprehension. Yet to the student and the man of deep thought, there is no obscurity in them. In none of his expressions is there aught of real ambiguity; throughout his writings there is no passage so intricate, no figure so concealed, but that the touchstone of thought in an instant unravels all perplexity, and reveals a meaning so beautiful and plain and, withal, so redolent of truth, as well to reward the mental effort which precedes their solution. To him who places himself upon the poet's own standpoint, and, like him, looks rather inward upon the spirit and its workings than outward upon the material objects of sense, his works are as a child's primer for simplicity—as a tale of the Arabian Nights for gorgeousness of beauty.

It is to the intellectual laziness of the age that the want of appreciation of Shelley's writings may be attributed. To the majority of mankind mental effort is distasteful, particularly in the hours of recreation; and hence, those works whose perusal requires an active effort of the reasoning and reflective faculties are neglected, and those authors are most appreciated whose ideas

may be taken in at a glance and without an effort, and whose perusal suffers the reader to float lazily along the stream, like an idle voyager, drinking in here and there such perfumes as the passing breezes may waft to his indolent nostrils, and listening only to the song of a passing bird, all unconscious of the "spices of Araby the Blest," and the deep diapason of nature's music, which must be sought to be enjoyed, and whose enjoyment is to their dawdling pleasure as the view outspread from the summit of the Alps to the tiny scope of a kitchen garden. And this tendency is fostered by the multiplication of books, particularly of the class of light reading, which has begotten a pernicious habit of skimming lightly over the surface of literature, in search of amusement or excitement, or with the laudable purpose of killing time. Few books are read more than once, and few indeed are worthy of it. These facts authors readily appreciate, and, working only for present gain, strive but to please the fancy of the passing hour, and write for an ephemeral rather than an enduring fame. No influence has more than this tended to depreciate our literature and to destroy those habits of earnest study and profound thought which prevailed when books were few but crowded with wisdom.

The works of Shelley, like those of all great and original authors, were the foundation of a school—or, rather, in this instance, of two schools; the one a legitimate, the other an illegitimate offspring of their great founder, and which may be denominated the true and false Shelley schools. The true school, both in poetry and prose, flourished among those who truly appreciated the merit of his writings, and, recognizing the wonderful power and truth of his method, both of thought and expression, followed faithfully and thoughtfully in the path which he pointed out, not servile imitators, but seers, simply obeying the leadership of an intellectual chieftain, and themselves



becoming, through his guidance, monarchs in literature and chieftains in the world of intellect.

First among these faithful disciples in the domain of poetry, we class Ruskin, whose works lack no quality of poetry save the measured rhythm. Few writers are less appreciated by the masses, and yet few stand higher among those who will take the trouble to study and understand him. He writes not for the dawdlers in literature, but for all earnest seekers after truth and lovers of true beauty. Weighing carefully every word that flows from his pen, his sentences are compact masses of thought, and his periods rounded to sonorous fullness and musical perfection, by the measure, not of the ear of sense, but of that of the spirit. Not a word is used by him carelessly or superfluously, but every adjective and particle has a deep and soul-full meaning, and a fitness for its place that admits of no ambiguity, allows of no substitution. Often a whole page of more diffuse writers is by him condensed into a single word—a poem is conveyed in a phrase, and a sermon in a sentence. Disdaining to pander to the carelessness or laziness of the superficial reader, by elaborating an idea which, to the thoughtful, needs no amplification, he lays down a truth in a single terse Saxon adjective, and straightway leaving it to shift for itself, marches boldly forward to new beauties, revealing at every step the inexhaustible wealth of his intellect, and dropping fresh pearls at every stride. The most prominent characteristic of his thought and expression is suggestiveness; a quality eminently calculated to the mental development of his readers, who, in the trains of thought hinted at rather than pointed out, are frequently led aside into a new world of reflection, comparison, and true poetry. To the careful student, a single page of his writings suggests food for hours of pleasing and developing thought.

Nor is there anything of ambiguity in his thought, or of mistiness in his

expression. Thinking clearly and accurately himself, his writings are faithful pictures of his mind, and the reader, however he may be checked in the flow of his perusal by the effort to comprehend the full magnitude and force of the author's ideas, need be at no loss to apprehend his true meaning; the crucial tests of reflection and analysis never fail to open the leaves of the seemingly sealed book, and to make plain as the noonday sun that which at first glance appeared wrapped in the clouds of obscurity. And finally, whatever may be thought of the truth of certain of his theories, the works of Ruskin have attained a permanent niche in the world's great library, and will be more and more appreciated as the development of human intellect progresses—a development which they themselves cannot but materially assist.

What Ruskin is in the domain of poetry, Carlyle is in that of prose. In compactness of idea, terseness of thought, and accuracy and suggestiveness of expression, these two writers are very similar. Carlyle, however, lacks the almost versified smoothness of expression which characterizes Ruskin. Yet their difference in this respect is but the difference in their mental composition. Each writes precisely as he thinks, and Carlyle's massive, ponderous, and oftentimes somewhat disjointed and interjectional sentences, are but the outward manifestation of his sledge-hammer thought, demolishing antagonism at a blow, and forcing his readers forward by sheer force of his own giant impulse and massive Saxon strength. His rough and corrugated periods bristle all over, not with thorns, but with projecting handles to assist the toiler upward into his own intellectual realm—granite steps to brace the feet of the climber into his own soaring atmosphere. Impatient of wrong and injustice, his bitter, scorching words, by the very impetus of righteous indignation, and in a sweeping tornado of argument, compel

rather than persuade his readers to his view; and even in defence of Mahomet, he forces the world to see and acknowledge the good works of him whom he paints a reformer, and to render praise where praise is due, despite the prejudices of centuries. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum* is his motto; and when justice calls, his pen is as ready in defence of Jew, Turk, or Infidel, as in that of the humblest Christian. Bound by no creeds, respecter of no time-worn theories, he is a faithful disciple of the Shelley school, ever ready to do battle in the great cause of humanity, and true to his own convictions of truth and right, however mistaken, for the time being, those convictions may be. And truly, in this age of prejudice, there is need of just such writers to compel men to acknowledge and pay tribute to truth wherever it may be found—to yield to the claims of justice even in the hour of greatest excitement, and to recognize the good which may arise even out of Nazareth.

Another disciple of the true Shelley school is Mrs. Browning. Forsaking the beaten track of the female poets of English literature, she descended into the depths of the ocean of intellect, and wrote the poetry of heart, mind, and soul, rather than that of the material universe. *De profundis* is written upon all her works, and is the result of that introspection of spiritual vision which neglects the trifling surroundings of every-day life while gazing deep among the hidden springs of human action, and investigating the causes and effects of the emotions and passions. With her, as with the others we have named, seeming obscurity is but the effect of real profundity. He who expects from a cursory glance to gather her true meaning, is like the child who gazes at the candle when pointed to the fixed star in the heavens; he looks for things near, while she treats of those afar. To comprehend her thought and realize her beauties, one must descend with her into her depths, or soar on the wings of

thought to her lofty atmosphere. And with the effort, all things at once become plain and simple.

Mrs. Browning's verse is characterized to some extent by the roughness of Carlyle's prose. She seeks to produce her effects rather by the power and beauty of the idea than by that of the expression. Absorbed in her subject and seeking the most accurate embodiment of her thought, in her earnestness and singleness of view she neglects the rhythm, and thus gains in effectiveness what she loses in polish. And so perfectly does she succeed in enlisting the sympathy of her reader, that, when once warmed into unison with the author, he forgets the little roughnesses of her verse, and soon ceases to notice them at all.

The writers we have named are but instances among the many, selected to illustrate the school they represent. And whatever may be their differences in style, through all the writings of this school runs a warm vein of sympathy with the suffering and sorrowful, the down-trodden and oppressed, the victims of both physical and moral injustice the world over. The great heart of humanity is ever throbbing in their periods, heaving and swelling through every page and line. Sworn champions of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, they recognize no class, and are bound by no limits of grade; at the call of justice their pens are as ready to respond in the cause of the peasant as in that of the prince—as prompt in that of the monarch as in that of the slave. Nor less their sympathy with the great struggles of humanity in the march of progress. Thoroughly identified with the cause of human development, they enter heart and soul into all that can tend to make mankind better, purer, nobler—into every great enterprise whose object is to elevate the human race. Knowing the needs of humanity, feeling its sufferings, its disappointments, and its woes, appreciating its capacities, and ever pointing it to a loftier

height, they are the apostles and the heralds of progress—the poets of the past, the seers of the present, and the prophets of the future. Thus ever in sympathy with the ebb and flow of the great tides of human feeling, striding ever in the van of humanity's great march, part and parcel of the struggling, striving mass, their work is a great and a noble one; and, however they may sometimes err, they find their reward in the grateful appreciation of those whose lives their works have cheered and benefitted, and whose footsteps they have assisted in the onward tramp of life.

However little the works of Shelley were appreciated and admired by the masses, the estimation in which they were held by the more cultivated, thoughtful, and refined, the real profundity of his ideas, and, above all, the novelty of his method both of thought and expression, soon led to imitation on the part of those who, without the ability to plunge to his depths, strove by the shallow artifice of mistiness and utter obscurity of expression to attain the reputation of profundity. To these worse than servile imitators, the profundity of an idea was in exact proportion to the obscurity of its expression. To them, true wisdom was a thing entirely beyond the comprehension of the masses; and, disdaining to sing in lucid strains to vulgar ears, they studied a certain vague mistiness of phraseology, and, while really concealing the shallowness of their thoughts beneath the garb of metaphysical expression, high-sounding phrases, and startling incongruity of figure, they fondly imagined they were winning the applause of the wise and profound, and that their silly inanities would survive the wrecks of time, and attain a permanent niche in the great temple of literature. To be comprehended and appreciated only by the learned, was their professed aim; and against all criticism they found a ready defence in the assumed stupidity, or lack of culture, of the reader.

These imitators were the originators of the false Shelley school, and, strangely enough, the reading public were readily gulled by their sounding pretence. The reader who became lost in the mist-clouds of their utterly incomprehensible nonsense, at once attributed his perplexity to his own deficiency of intellect or of culture, and his estimate of the author was vastly increased by his seeming profundity. What no one could understand, the public argued, must be very deep; entirely losing sight of the fact that clearness and accuracy of thought are best evidenced by clearness and accuracy of expression, and that the sublimest truths are most forcibly and fitly expressed in the plainest and simplest of terms.

To these causes alone can be attributed the rage for the so-called "Della Cruscan" school of poetry—taking its name from the *nom de plume* of its anonymous author—which, near the opening of the present century, prevailed in England, and for a time was quite the fashion even upon our own shores. The popularity of this turgid and unnatural style is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of English literature. Its prominent peculiarity consisted in the most incongruous and conflicting imagery, in startling and unnatural conjunctions of ideas, and in similes which, if not entirely inapposite, were at least so far-fetched as to be entirely devoid of significance to the ordinary reader. The faintest possible similitudes were eagerly seized upon to adorn expression, and were valued by the writer and applauded by reader and critic in exact proportion to the distance between the symbol and the object or idea which it professed to illustrate. The whole style, indeed, was an attempt at forced harmony of differences, rather than the natural one of similitudes, and is best illustrated by the clown's conundrum: "Why is an elephant like a fish? Because neither of them can climb a tree."

Of course, so unnatural and tortured a mode of expression could only be

defended by its devotees upon the ground that the truest of similitudes are those of abstraction, which, wholly hidden to the eye of sense, are only obvious to that of the imagination. The whole material universe, they argued, with all its harmony of beauty, order, and fitness, its tangible causes and effects, is but a mere assemblage of appearances; the only true and real existence is that of the mind and soul, and it remains for the spiritual eye alone to apprehend the real harmony and beauty of creation as connected with and illustrating the phenomena of mind and the laws and experiences of the spiritual life. Hence, continued these would-be philosophers, that similitude which to the physical eye may be wholly unapparent, may yet, reasoning from this standpoint, be the truest of significances, as based upon the more delicate and ethereal perceptions of the soul. As a natural sequence to such a line of reasoning, the most incomprehensible writers of this school were the most exalted of seers; and the reader's misfortune, in his inability to apprehend their meanings, was due to his own lack of mental and spiritual development and consequent power of entire abstraction from the things of sense while gazing with an angel's ken beyond the mystic veil which separates the material from the immaterial—the physical world from that of the spirit.

While such was the obvious theory of a system apparently so flattering to human intellect, personal vanity was really at the bottom of the popularity of this system of intellectual abortions. No one wished to appear more ignorant than his neighbor, and all aspired to be considered sages. Convinced that obscurity was but a synonym for profundity, to acknowledge one's inability to comprehend the giant thoughts and heaven-born ideas of the leaders of the school, was but to confess one's own intellectual inferiority; and thus the enormities of the school grew and flourished upon the pabulum which they themselves engendered. Conviction of profundity, based upon the

reader's own incapacity of comprehension, of course precluded all tests of analysis and sound reason; and hence there was no check upon an author's vagaries, no limits to the flight of his diseased and distorted imagination. Naturally enough, thus freed from all restraint, the faults exaggerated themselves—the frog aspired to expand into the ox. What before was but faintly defined, soon ceased to be apparent at all; where once but a mist was thrown between the mind of the author and that of the reader, now the densest of clouds intervened; till at last the climax of nonsense was reached, and the bubble burst, punctured by the shaft of ridicule and the shining lance of truth and returning reason. The delusion exploded more suddenly than it had arisen, and so effectually that the once vaunted authors were in a trice consigned to an eternal oblivion, and their writings so completely passed away from the public view that scarce a vestige of them remains, even to grace the dusty shelves of the bibliomaniac antiquarian—hardly enough, indeed, to bear testimony to the ephemeral existence of one of the strangest of popular delusions.

The sudden disappearance of this *ignis fatuus* of literature was due to its utter lack of foundation in any principle of common sense. And yet its effects, or rather the continued effects of the cause from which it sprang, remained. The popular mind was not easily disabused of its conceit; and, while abjuring the wild vagaries of its defunct favorites, it simply took upon itself another phase of favoritism and assumed appreciation. The school which we have called the false Shelley school, conscious of the eternal vanity of human intellect, and its consequent proneness to the assumption of wisdom and profundity, still pandered to the conceit of the jackdaws in the peacock's plumes, and, while avoiding those incongruities which were so glaringly obvious, continued to cultivate obscurity, but in a more subtle method which, neither odious nor revolting to

common sense, was clothed in the garb of metaphysics; and which, if, when tested by analysis, it had no real merit, was at least not open to impeachment upon the ground of extravagance or glaring inconsistency. Slowly and cautiously it felt its way, really playing upon the same strings which its Della Cruscan predecessor had swept with so bold a hand, yet concealing its design, soothing all fears and flattering the public complacency by its seeming ingenuousness and plausibility, and thus gradually educating the public mind to its own ascendancy.

The less startling innovations of this new school, and its more cautious progress, insured its greater longevity; and its ascendancy has continued to our day, finding its present apostles in Tupper, Swinburne, and our own Walt Whitman, each of whom represents a different type, yet all of whom are united by a common bond of sympathy—different species, indeed, of the same genus. Even Tennyson, whose former writings have won for him an enduring position in English literature, has at last fallen in with the current, as is evinced by the childish babblings of his "Loves of the Wrens," his latest and only unworthy work.

Of Tupper, little need be said, as his hour has gone by and he has already passed almost into forgetfulness. Swinburne, however, stands before the world as the great high priest, not simply of sensuousness, but of absolute sensuality. His works are reeking with lewdness and bodily lust. All his ideas and images appeal to the animal passions; and yet, by the devotees of this false school of poetry, he is held up to the world as a shining example of absolute purity of mind, and his works as pure and innocent, and the embodiment of the essence of true poetry. Alas for the world, that it cannot perceive it!

With true Della Cruscan impudence, the admirers of this young disciple of Eros assure the world that the sensuousness which wells and gurgles on his every page, the refined voluptuousness

which in every line he rolls as a sweet morsel under his tongue—nay, even the direct allusions to the most sensual of gratifications, and to scenes whose fitting home is the brothel,—are but figures of speech, employed to convey and illustrate the purest and noblest of ideas; that the sensuality exists, not in the poet's song, but in the reader's mind, which, in its native coarseness, grasps eagerly at the baser meanings which its own grossness suggests, but which were farthest from the poet's thoughts, and is thus guilty of the grossest injustice to the author, while actually losing sight and hearing of the beauty and melody of his soul-breathings, and utterly failing to comprehend the depth and breadth and sweetness of the noble ideas which lie concealed within the warm embrace and beneath the gorgeous garniture of his luscious rhymes. Theoretically, the argument is the old and stereotyped one of the mystic school, with all its sickening cant about the imperfect development of the vulgar intellect which is incapable of comprehending great truths, or of gazing beneath the mere surface of the ocean of life, and only fitted to grasp the most trivial ideas of a dog-trot existence; thus exalting its apostle to a seer, whose lofty, soul-inspiring utterances are to the gaping crowd as Hebrew to the unlettered slave. Practically, it reduces their bard's voluptuousness to a system of *double entendres* which, however innocent their design and real significance, are so unfortunate as to be misconstrued by the popular mind, which, by taking them in their most obvious sense, twists them into meanings most foreign to the poet's thoughts.

To all of which the practical and common-sense world will reply, that filth is filth wherever it is found, and that he who preaches lewdness in the plainest and most unmistakable terms, must not be surprised if his hearers accept the most obvious meaning and judge him by the plain English of his own lips. And if Mr. Swinburne can

find no fitter expression for his poetic ideas, no nobler vehicle for his lofty thoughts, than the language, however refined, of the voluptuary, or figures suggestive only of sensuality and vice, then it were better that his ideas were unexpressed, and that he himself sought some more appropriate path to immortality than the numbers of poetry, which is only perfect as it is pure and holy. Nor can he blame the verdict of the world; for his course is entirely a voluntary and wilful one, knowing as he must that the most suggestive phraseology produces the widest effect, and is most readily seized upon by the world at large; and so long as he continues to suggest the pictures of nastiness, his works must remain the apocalypse of filth and he himself be branded as its apostle and its bard.

Nor is it at all surprising, judging him by his own theories, that Swinburne should pronounce Walt Whitman the second, if not the first, of living poets; nor that Tennyson, in his dotage, forgetful of the noble works of his own prime, and maudling and babbling of the "Loves of the Wrens," should be charmed by the "barbaric yawp" of our great American original. For Walt Whitman's vagaries and misty platitudes are but the culmination of the transcendental school which for so many years has acquired an undue prominence in American poetic literature. "Who reads magazine poetry?" has come to be a hackneyed phrase. And this because a large portion of the poetry published in the magazines of the last ten years has been characterized by a vagueness of expression—a certain labored reaching into the misty dominion of metaphysics and transcendentalism—which renders its perusal not only a painful task, but profitless in result, since its inherent ambiguity either leaves the reader's mind in a perplexing uncertainty as to which of a dozen different meanings the writer intends to convey, or, when stripped of its tropes and its excrescences of riddles, it resolves itself

into the plainest of platitudes. It is, indeed, the very antipodes of the verse of Shelley, its professed prototype. From his perusal, the thoughtful reader rises with no uncertainty as to the poet's teachings, but with a mind expanded by the comprehension of great truths and lofty ideas, exalted and refreshed by the benign influence of the poetic afflatus.

So much has this style or poetry come to be considered the natural order of things, that the reading public, as by a tacit consent, ascribes to smoothness of versification, high-sounding phraseology, and transcendental obscurity of idea and expression, the name and throne of true poetry. Yet the masses do not take it to their hearts and souls and make it a part of their daily thought-life or their own emotional existence, rarely giving it even a passing perusal, but content to accept it as an acknowledged fact of literature, and each ascribing his own lack of appreciative sympathy to a want of the poetic element in his own mental constitution. Cold, unsympathetic, unapproachable, its brilliancy has not even the mellowness of the moonlight upon the bosom of a frozen lake; but is rather the glitter of the Arctic sunbeams resting upon the crags and pinnacles of an iceberg.

In such a condition of things, the "Heathen Chinee" appeared upon the scene, and the world exploded in laughter. The quaint humor of its simple mining dialect titillated that native sense of the ludicrous which is part and parcel of the American mind; while its novelty lifted it out of the region of stereotyped humor which had already begun to pall upon the public taste. In the subsequent writings of its author, as well as in those of the school of imitators that at once followed his footsteps, while carefully preserving the peculiarity of the dialect, there was shrewdly intermingled a vein of lowly pathos which, by its very simplicity and naturalness, touched the heart and awakened the most tender



and homelike emotions, and tears began to sparkle even in the midst of smiles. The public suddenly awoke to the fact that there may be warmth and glow and sympathetic feeling even in the measured numbers of poetry; that the loves and griefs and tender emotions of each individual's own home life may find fitting expression and awaken responsive echoes in verse; and finally, that however high-sounding phrases, sweeping imagery, and misty ideas may be entitled to the name of poetry, true poetry may live and breathe and move as well, and for the masses far better, in the simple strains of the ballad. It was a sudden and great reaction of the public mind from the cold and stilted formality of the poetry of the past. The masses—the denizens of the counting-rooms, the dingy law offices, the workshops, and those in the humbler walks of life,—suddenly found that they, too, as well as the learned and the book-worm, had hearts to be moved, and that the poetic element was not so far removed from their own individual souls as they had imagined. A natural and growing disgust of the prevailing style of poetry, which touched no heart, and called forth few, if any, of the softer emotions, had long been preparing the way; and it needed but some such simple, touching home ballad, clothed in the language of every-day life, as "Betsey and I are out," to open the avenues of the public heart, and set the great tide of human sympathy flowing. It was something startling and novel, far removed, indeed, from the accepted order of things, to hear a poet—one of that mist-crowned class of beings hitherto so distant and unapproachable—sing of humble life, and humble joys and sorrows, in the

language of the camp, the backwoods, the farm, and even of the street, and that, too, with a skill of naturalness, a knowledge that could only be gained by personal experience, which forced every hearer to identify himself as well with the singer as with the subject of his song. The "Betsey" who was "out," was, for the nonce, every man's wife; and the sturdy fellow who, amidst all his sorrow and his troubles, had but the one wish, to be brought back at last when death should have ended all their differences, to sleep beside her in the churchyard, was every woman's husband.

The very violence of this reaction has given to the writers of this new dialect school a popularity greater than they would have achieved under ordinary circumstances, and for once has enabled a genuine imitator to equal the reputation of his type. We have said that the popularity of this school must necessarily be ephemeral—as a *dialect* school purely; but we trust that its effect may be lasting. It is, indeed, but a natural return to that love of the ballad which characterized the days of Scott and Burns; and its success is akin to that which greeted Foster's negro melodies, and dependent, in a great measure, upon the same cause. It is really the founding of an American school; and it is to be hoped that, even when its peculiar quaintness of expression shall have ceased to charm, the seed which it has planted will continue to grow, and that the future of American poetry will be characterized by that warm heart-glow and freedom from affectation, either of idea or expression, which alone can secure its permanence and cause our "Sweet Singers of Israel" to be loved as well as admired.

*Egbert Phelps.*

## IN A LONDON POLICE COURT.

IN most minor courts of law, the bandage over the eyes of Justice is not misplaced. The statue represents the fact. She is blind. And necessarily so, because in every large city there are constantly occurring offences which must be dealt with summarily. Time becomes a most important element; and it is not so much *what* the magistrate decides as *that* he decides, that keeps equity on equivoise. If he be—as, thank goodness, he generally is, whether as Kadi in Constantinople, or Justice of the Peace in Chicago—a fair-minded man of common sense who desires to do the right, the result is not generally far out of the way. I saw an illustration of this not long ago in London, which seems to me worth the telling.

I was warned to be early in court as a witness, as the case was to take precedence. Prompt as was my attendance, I found the room crowded with people of the laboring classes. In the court, proceedings had not commenced, and I therefore remained in the lobby, a place not twelve feet square, abutting upon the street. Two-score women or more, of various ages but of one wretched description, ill-used, ill-clad, and misery-worn wives, from whose breaths came unmistakable aroma of the gin-cask and from whose lips arose a Babylonian jargon of angry exclamations mingled with chuckling laughter, packed the space. Fast wedged in a corner, I was speculating upon what all this convention might mean, when suddenly from a green baize door there entered a bald-pated, unctious-faced man, shabby in the extreme, with scraps of paper in one hand, a black greasy Testament in the other, and a goose quill dripping ink behind his ear. He was immediately beset by every woman within reach of him, and was evidently expected to perform some in-

dispensable service for all of them, which service each one desired to have rendered immediately.

"Now, yer honor!" "Maisther Black, Maisther Black!" "Just one minute, God bless your kind heart!" and similar ejaculations, the man received with a bustling imperturbability, if the expression is allowable, which showed him used to the business. Without being in the least put out of his way by their entreaties, he came forward into the centre of the room, exclaiming:

"Now then! What's all this jabbering about? Shut up, some of you, if you do n't want to wait for two hours yet!"

There was partial silence immediately, or rather a subsidence of what the clerk had called a "jabbering" noise, into a subdued buzzing sound.

"Now, Mrs. Donohoe," said the eager functionary, addressing himself to a stubborn looking charwoman, with blackened eyes and gashed lips, tendering her at the same time the book he held in his hand. An oath in the name of the Almighty is too solemn for a jest, but the fellow spoke so deeply in his throat, so indistinctly, and so rapidly, that I am certain no mortal ears could, save in the five last words, have detected an articulate sound. It resembled the noise made in emptying a large bottle of liquid, only the disgorges or gulps of the human vessel were by far the more rapid. "Now, Mrs. Donohoe," he continued, "You-bubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-kiss-the-book-a-shilling!"

The poor woman kissed the book and paid the shilling. The administrator of the oath scribbled something on one of the shreds of paper, placed it in her hands, and pushed her instantly into the street, beginning at



at once his irreverent mumble with Mrs. Johnson, the person next at hand, who, in about the period of twenty-seven seconds — for I timed the process by my watch — was also affidavit-ed, settled with, documented, and summarily discharged into the highway.

For the best part of an hour this singular process went on. The women, under this high-pressure blasphemy, were at last cleared off rapidly. When nearly all were gone, and a practicable thoroughfare was made into the court-room, I begged a gentlemanly looking man, who had taken a position near me, and had, like myself, been contemplating the spectacle, to enlighten my ignorance on the subject.

"Is it possible you don't know?" said he, "after being here as witness of the transaction a whole hour, and seeing the clerk swear out the lot?"

"I might have guessed, certainly, and perhaps have known, what it all meant," I replied, "could I have made out what the clerk said; but beyond the first word, 'you,' and the last words, 'kiss-the-book-a-shilling,' I have been unable to catch a single intelligible syllable."

"Rather profane, taking the name of God in that way, I grant!" said my neighbor; "but then the clerk must get through in time for court, and after all there is no perjury in cases like these."

"I dare say not; but how often does it happen, and what is it all about?"

"I'll tell you," he rejoined; "for it's a thing hardly known to any but the very poor, and yet it is carrying out one of the most merciful acts Parliament ever passed. You see these women were none of the tidiest sort; perhaps I might say that nearly every one of them has got a taste for liquor, and what's more, most of them have got drunken husbands. A fondness for liquor takes people to the pawn-shop, and then to the gin-shop, where they soon get into a condition not the best, to say the least of it, for taking care of anything; and so it comes to pass ev-

ery day in the year that many of them lose the duplicates the pawnbroker gives them for clothing or bed, crockery or furniture. If their goods are pawned for pretty near what they are worth, the poor creatures put up with the loss; but if they are of value, and have been pawned for only a trifle, they have to take their oath that they have *lost* their duplicate, not disposed of it to another person for a consideration, as is sometimes the case.

"For the affidavit and a copy of it they have to pay a shilling, and this, when tendered to the pawnbroker in lieu of the duplicate, reclaims the goods. The law is a merciful one, and saves a deal of suffering."

"Then all that crowd of women had each one lost a pawnbroker's ticket for property indispensable for somebody's comfort, her's, or her children's, or her parents' — property which, but for this law, could not have been reclaimed?"

"Yes," replied my informant, who was about to add something more of gin being the great cause of these losses, when the crier called for silence and opened the court.

The case in which I was one of the witnesses was called up first. It was a case of denied identity, involving some of the tricks of London beggars, and on that account worth telling. To make myself understood, I must go back three years before.

As I was returning one afternoon from my warehouse in St. Paul's churchyard to my residence in Porchester Square, a distance of nearly five miles, business obliged me to make a considerable *detour* towards St. John's Wood. Passing through some of the wealthiest streets, which the beggars prefer to more crowded thoroughfares, and when within half a mile of home, I was followed by a young man asking alms. As I believe what is called "street charity" to be worse than a weakness, a wrong, I took no other notice of the applicant than to quicken my speed, when, by a most adroit movement, he placed his face directly in front of mine

and asked in a tone of what one might call manly despair, "And what *am* I to do, sir?"

The manner, question, and voice of the man took me by surprise. I stopped, looked at him, and replying that I did not see that duty placed upon me the responsibility of telling him what he was to do, resumed my walk. It would not do, however. Either because he saw some symptom of weakness in me, or from his experience of the power of persistence, he put the same question, in precisely the same way, again placing himself *vis-a-vis* to me. I stopped again, and this time listened to his story. It was probable enough, and not too plausible. He was a carpenter; had been for three months in the hospital; had expended all his earnings; could have a job, but needed a coat and pantaloons and shirt. In confirmation of all this, he showed the fresh scar of an ugly wound on his arm, and begged me to go with him a few streets distant and see his wife and two children. I thought a moment, felt half certain that I was being fooled, but nevertheless decided on mercy's side, and told the man to follow me. Supplying his necessities when I reached home, I said to him:

"Now, my good fellow, if you are really what you profess to be, come and see me when you get on your job, and I will go with you and visit your family."

He promised to do so, and with profuse expressions of gratitude, bade me good day. But I never heard from him. He knew better than to come back. A more noted street beggar there was not in all London. By that manner, voice, and question, he made a nice thing of alms-asking. They were his trick. It was strange, perhaps, that he should have practiced the same for years without detection, but one may do strange things for a long time with impunity among a population of three million souls. Besides, he had probably been in "*quod*," to use the cadgers' word for imprisonment, a

score of times, yet nevertheless on the principle of compensation found himself no loser.

It was nearly three years after this, as I have said already, that, alighting from an omnibus, in the midst of a pelting rain, one dark night, at the Royal Oak, I raised my umbrella, and was making my way towards my house. It was but a short distance, and I was walking rapidly, when a man came up by my side asking alms. Giving him no heed I pushed on rapidly, when he placed himself by an adroit movement almost under my umbrella and directly in front of me, saying, in pitiable tones:

"And what *am* I to do, sir?"

I recognized the trick in an instant. For months I had never once thought of my eleemosynary acquaintance, and at the moment he was the farthest possible person from my thoughts. But that skilful movement, those appealing notes of despairing manhood, that look of earnest suffering brotherhood, I could not have mistaken had I been in the most dismal region pictured in Dante's *Divina Commedia*.

"Ah, it is you, then, my friend?" I exclaimed instinctively; and at the instant met our policeman on his beat. "Arrest this fellow!" I cried, and before the rogue could take to his heels, he was in Charlie's grip. A word of explanation only was necessary. I was told where and when I must come to make my complaint, and then officer and culprit disappeared in the gloom of fog and rain on their way to the lock-up.

It was to identify this cleverest of London beggars that I was now present at the Paddington police-court. If there had been any possible doubt the night before, there was none now. To make certainty more certain, the man's arm was bared, and there appeared the long, jagged scar with which he had furthered his first appeal to me. The Magistrate was satisfied, and sent him for three months to the penitentiary. Whether the detection of his

trick led him to abandon street-begging for a more reputable life, or whether in remote London thoroughfares he is still asking elderly gentlemen, has-

tening home to their dinners, the unanswerable question, "And what *am* I to do, sir?" can be as correctly guessed by the reader as by myself.

*N. S. Dodge.*

### THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

THE maintenance of public order and the protection of private rights by the administration of justice according to fixed principles and certain rules, is the chief object of civil government. To this end it is indispensable that the rules of law for the conduct of public and private affairs should be well understood and frequently applied; and for these reasons public discussions of questions springing out of the relations of society, and judicial expositions of the rights involved, are provided. The proper province of the judicial courts is so to declare and apply the rules of law in occasional cases that the rules thus established and made known may serve as permanent guides for the conduct of the community in multitudes of other cases without need of judicial interference to secure correct results. The transaction and dispatch of business by the courts, in the cases which come before them, is a distinctly different thing; incidentally drawn within the judicial province. In a well-regulated government, means will be provided as well for the dispatch of business according to the rules of law, as for the settling and promulgation of the rules which constitute the law. In a thinly habited or slowly moving community, the same tribunals may be made to perform both branches of that necessary public service; but in such a land as ours, where the genius and knowledge of the people accomplish more in a decade than would be achieved elsewhere in a century, the two must be to some extent separated, or neither can be successfully performed.

The pure judicial work of construction, interpretation, and exposition, requires patient and laborious investigation; varied and exhaustive discussion; mature reflection and review; and the most clear, positive, and logical expression. The application of the settled rules of law to the determination of questions that arise from day to day in the business world, requires a different mode of procedure. In some cases, delay is ruinous; in others, circumspection and procrastination rob a just cause of all the value of its fruits. In the opinion of the business world, the present system for the administration of justice is a failure. Business men cannot understand why a causeless controversy about nothing should require nearly the same time, trouble, and expense for its determination, as a suit involving vast interests, the most complicated questions of fact, and the most important doctrines of the law; and the business world is not alone in its conviction that a better system for the administration of justice is a necessity of the new age. The bench and the bar share in this conviction. The universal complaint of lawyers is, that the best part of their time and labor is wasted in following for years the business they ought to transact and dispose of in weeks; and the perpetual lamentation of judges is, that they are overwhelmed with causes destitute of any public interest, and in many instances of any private merit and are prevented by the pressure of business from giving to meritorious cases the time and attention they deserve. This state of things will not

always be endured. Feeble and timid men may endeavor to perpetuate it, and their efforts may prolong its existence; but, sooner or later, a great change must come. We may as well have it now.

But what shall be its nature, and how shall we effect it? How shall we secure at once more deliberate and thorough judicial expositions of doubtful points, and a more speedy application of known principles, to settle causes that require no new or difficult law? We must separate the wheat from the chaff. We must have summary modes of procedure for what may be termed business cases, and more thorough, patient, and deliberate trials for cases involving important questions of law, or intricate and entangled controversies of fact. Whether there be reasonable ground for litigation, should be determined on a preliminary inquiry by the court. The support of judicial tribunals involves the public in much expense, and makes heavy demands upon the community in the service of witnesses and jurors; and the public have, therefore, a right to require some safeguard against the crowding of these tribunals with causes which have no right to be there. The courts are established and maintained for those who have some real ground of controversy; not for those who avail themselves of the forms of law, to avoid the fulfillment of obligations against which they have no plausible defence, and no probable ground for any sort of relief.

What, then, ought to be done? Let us have first, *SPECIAL JUDGES*, drawn from the ranks of the bar, under the supervision of the permanent courts, and compensated by special allowance for service actually performed. And second, let us have *EQUITABLE RELIEF BY SUMMARY PROCEDURE*, in all cases where the party cannot satisfy the presiding or appellate judge that he has a cause which ought to be litigated in the usual way. The number and powers of such special judges, and the nature and mode of such summary relief,

shall now be very briefly considered. The presiding judge of the court should have the power to refer any cause pending before him, to any member of the bar as special judge; and the parties to any such cause should also have the privilege of selecting such special judge by agreement; and when appointed, he should have in that cause all the powers of the presiding judge, subject only to the supervision of the latter, on special application and particular cause shown, for the correction of abuses of authority, and the prevention of oppression. The judges are all drawn from the ranks of the legal profession, and they are neither better nor worse lawyers for holding a judicial position. What the community wants in its judges is, integrity, learning, experience, and a personal aptitude for the judicial function. Under the proposed system, the highest talents in every department of the law could be secured for the trial of causes involving the doctrines, practice, and principles of that department. An ability to increase judges as the demands of business should require, would enable the courts to keep their dockets clear, and to dispatch the business before them with a facility and thoroughness utterly impossible under the present order of things. The best lawyers would spend the time they now waste in waiting for the trial of their own causes, in judicial labors, for which they would be compensated by special allowance, which, however liberal, would be a less burden to suitors than the endless postponements, continuances, and bills of costs, to which they are now subjected. More than this: the service of a class of lawyers, whose great reputations and ample incomes keep them from the bench, would be secured for a large amount of such judicial service. It would naturally come to pass that the greatest causes would generally be referred to special judges, who would devote to them an amount of labor and research, of time and patience, such as no permanent court

can bestow, without seriously encroaching on the rights of other parties whose needs of relief are urgent. Special judges, receiving special compensation commensurate with the interests involved, and the time and labor required, would be able to present in their opinions such exhaustive reviews of the branches of law involved, as are now almost unknown to judicial literature; and their reports of cases determined according to such opinions, would justly attain a world-wide celebrity. The presiding judge would administer the docket, and try as many causes as his time would allow. Motions for new trials of suits before special judges, and appeals from their judgments, orders, and decrees, would of course be argued and perfected before them, for the presiding judge would not be conversant with the facts and circumstances of the case. Perhaps in this way alone can adequate provision for transacting judicial business be made, without the undue increase of permanent courts and salaried officers. In localities where no special judges are required, none would be appointed. In the great cities, where the dockets are now encumbered by thousands of cases which linger for years before trial can be reached, as many special judges could be appointed as the pressure of business would from time to time require. Thus the system would be flexible. It would expand when business should increase; it would diminish when business should decrease.

Let us now consider briefly the proposed system of Summary Relief. If a party refuse to pay rent or surrender premises, to convey land or apply his means to the support of those whom he ought to maintain; to deliver property which he ought to surrender, or, in a word, to fulfil any contract or discharge any legal duty, there is no good reason why he should not be summoned before a judge for a preliminary inquiry to determine whether there be *probable cause* for his refusal, to the end that, if he cannot show such prob-

able cause, he may be ordered to keep his contract, or perform his duty in the premises; and the execution of such order be enforced by process of attachment and sequestration as in chancery, in case this can be done without any especial hardship or oppression. From such orders no appeal should be allowed as a matter of right; but the party against whom such an order should be made, should have the privilege of a stay of proceedings only long enough to enable him to obtain an allowance of appeal by a judge of the Supreme Court, if in his judgment probable cause should be shown therefor. This would sufficiently provide against oppression by means of such summary procedure, without putting it in the power of parties to baffle justice by causeless appeals, as is now done in such a multitude of cases. In all cases of application for Summary Relief, the applicant should be required to insert in his petition an express submission that the judge or court may make such order and grant such relief in the matter, whether for or against him, as the nature of the case and common justice may require, whether according to the strict terms of the obligation or duty, or variant therefrom, to the end that he who appeals to the judicial tribunals to grant him substantial justice, without unnecessary delay or expense, shall be compelled in the same proceeding to take substantial justice without technical quibble, or baffle of right by matter of form. If on such preliminary inquiry, *probable cause* for a litigation according to the usual course of the court, be shown, the judge should be bound to refuse Summary Relief, and direct that the case be placed upon the docket, to be disposed of in its order; and the same direction should prescribe the mode of procedure best calculated to effect a speedy hearing and disposition of the case. Thus suits without merit would be suppressed, and deserving causes would secure the time and service of the courts for their investigation and decision.

In addition to these main reforms, the powers of masters should be enlarged, the jury system reformed, and the framing of statutes committed to competent hands. Every court of record should have full power to refer any branch of any case to a master, or to any member of the bar, as a special master at law or in equity, for any interlocutory purpose. Such master should have power to settle pleadings, take the verdict of a jury, and the like, as well as to hear and report evidence. The present jury system has degenerated to a point below which degeneracy seems impossible, and it must also be purified. As a general thing, the juries of the present day are largely composed of men who, having no other occupation or business to perform, are content to spend their time in the jury box, making havoc of the rights of their fellow men. Originally, juries were selected from those who were supposed to have the most knowledge concerning the matter in dispute, and the best qualifications for deciding the questions of fact arising out of it. This rule should be restored. The law should provide that in any case the judge should have the power, and that upon the proper application of either party it should be his duty, to order a jury to be summoned from that class of men in the community most conversant with the subject matter of the controversy, and best qualified from the nature of their occupations and their business training and experience to find and return a true verdict upon the evidence to be presented. Manufacturing cases should be tried by manufacturers; commercial cases by merchants; scientific cases by scientists, and the like, as far as practicable. Such a jury would be a great and positive aid to the court; not a mere obstruction of justice, or a sort of judicial quicksand. In a large majority of cases a jury is wholly unnecessary, and should be dispensed with; and to induce parties to waive a jury in cases where the court alone can as well de-

termine the case, the law should authorize the court to allow a special compensation to jurors, proportioned to the nature of the service required at their hands, and all fixed compensation should be abolished. Such a rule would take away from unworthy persons the inducement to get themselves selected as jurors for the sake of the compensation now allowed by law, and would hold out to business men, whose services might be required in behalf of their fellows, the hope of a compensation for the time spent in jury service, not wholly inadequate to the inconvenience and loss occasioned by taking them from their daily pursuits.

But, to render reform effective, there must be a better means of perfecting the laws themselves. The making of laws is a science. The framing of statutes with wisdom and with certainty, requires not only an intimate and thorough knowledge of the advantages intended to be secured by the new act, but also a skill in the use of language, and an acquaintance with constitutional law, such as only the most experienced lawyers and statesmen may be expected to possess. The endless tons of massive volumes of vague and indefinite legislative enactments, which have seen the light within the last generation, would make such a monument of human folly as could scarcely be produced from any other source.

It is the proper province of popular representatives to settle the general policy of the laws and determine the general nature of the statutes to be enacted; but when they have done this, the framing of the new acts — the perfecting of their details and the conforming of their provisions to constitutional limitations and judicial restrictions — should be committed to the hands of some Counsel of Revision, composed of men qualified by experience for so important and delicate a work. The Senate ought to be such a body; an assembly of legislating jurists, not inferior in learning and ability to the occupants of the judicial bench. One



house of popular representatives is enough to make known the public will. The Senate should be charged with the duty of expressing that will with legal precision, and in conformity to the established doctrines of judicial science. In this day of miracles, it may not be too much to hope that even such reforms may, sooner or later, be accomplished.

The first successes could hardly be more than partial, and the measures would in some cases be more or less shorn of their merits before their passage could be secured. Step by step, however, the advance may be made; little by little success may be secured. Modern civilization has outgrown the modes devised in its youth for the administration of justice. The trouble is not with the system of jurisprudence, but with the machinery for its administration. The principles of the law are eternal, and the judicial system of England and America is the most magnificent monument that human genius has ever reared. It is the practice of that system, and the attempts of legislative bodies to amend it, which must be reformed; and all successful reform must follow the indications of experience. The invention of new codes and the multiplication of tribunals have been abundantly tried, but the success of those experiments has not equalled the hopes of their authors. Let us now try, in their stead, increased facilities for administering a settled system of law, in substantially famil-

iar methods, and judge the experiment by its results. For it will be observed that, as great as the changes now proposed seem to be, they involve nothing to which an experienced lawyer or judge could not adapt himself without difficulty. I am not unmindful of the fact that it might be necessary to remove constitutional as well as statutory barriers, to secure the full success of the reform. But a provision for the appointment of special judges by consent of parties, would be a great advance in the right direction; and if the new measure should be tried and found satisfactory as far as present constitutional limitations allow, it would require but a few years to secure an enlargement of the judicial domain and the complete establishment of the better order of things. In a land of liberty, under a government of law, the courts of justice ought to be regarded as the sacred asylums of the sovereign power; and their proceedings should continually present the majesty of justice, the beauty of equity, the splendor of eloquence, the equality of men, and the supremacy of the law. Thus distinguished, they would be loved and revered by the people, and would be to the state what the temples of religion and their ministers are to the church. Constitutional government depends upon judicial supremacy, and every effort in behalf of that supremacy is an effort in favor of free government, and the reign of law and order.

*Charles C. Bonney.*

## THE AUTOMATON OF DOBELLO.

A PROMISE made to an old and faithful servant who had been many years in my family, led me, on a late visit to Switzerland, out of the usual line of travel; so far away from the pathway of most tourists that, had it not been for the very particular directions I received at home, I should never have found the village of which I was in search. The name was in none of the guide-books in the hands of tourists, even the most careful of them failing to note a town which must once have been a place of considerable importance; but which now is almost deserted and well nigh a ruin.

Leaving Locarno, at the upper end of Lago Maggiore, I took the St. Gothard road through Bellinzona, as far as Biasca. Here, turning to the right hand, it was necessary to follow the ascent of the Lucmanier pass; the summit of which being accomplished, I came in the course of a short descent upon the hospice of Sta. Maria. This pass, so little known now, was the route by which Pepin's army, in A. D. 754, advanced to the invasion of Italy. At Sta. Maria a path leads to the west up the Val Cadelina, beside the torrent which, falling from Lake Dim, constitutes one of the confluent of the Middle Rhine. Thus far the route may be traced upon the map in Murray's Handbook.

It was here, remembering the directions that had been given me, that I noticed what any traveller might easily overlook, the remains of extensive fortifications. So used does one become to the piled-up *débris* of avalanches, that it would be easy to pass the overthrown works without distinguishing their true character. But being upon the lookout for these landmarks, I found that here had evidently been a stronghold, at once a defence and an ambush. Apparently the intent had been to draw the enemy on by present-

ing the promise of an easy victory. The Milanese, with whom these mountaineers carried on incessant war for so many years, would count on an easy triumph when, having reached the summit of the pass, they found themselves assisted in a charge by the momentum of the descent. It is probable also that the defences were constructed out of the talis of the mountains, so that even at their best an enemy would come upon them with scarce a suspicion of their true character. But the momentum of descent would be lost in the wide stretch lying at the base of the descent, except in the case of a most sustained onset, while the defences were evidently as impregnable as they were well nigh invisible. An army caught in this trap would be certain of utter annihilation. I speak of these defences, not simply because they were interesting, but because, as I afterward learned, they are associated with the history of the wonderful Automaton of Dobello, which I was so fortunate as to see.

I arrived at Santa Maria on the 18th of May, nearly a month before the beginning of the little summer travel that yet dribbles through the pass. By the time I had examined the remains here spoken of, it was too late to make Dobello in the same day; and being assured that there was no chance for shelter between it and Santa Maria, no alternative was offered, I must make the not very attractive little hospice my quarters for the night.

As I sat by the large open fire-place in the evening, drying my shoes and leggings by the fire, and enjoying the slippers taken from my knapsack, my attention was arrested by the conversation of a half dozen peasants who were drinking their sour wine by one of the hard-wood tables which constituted almost the sole furniture of the room. Although their *patois* was not wholly



intelligible, I found that they were excitedly rehearsing a half score of different legends about a certain automaton which was said to have existed in the church of Dobello, and which was believed by them to be still there. Each one had a different version of the same story, but upon the substance of the narrative they were pretty well agreed. It seemed that the four hundredth anniversary of a certain contest between the Swiss and Milanese was close at hand; and these mountaineers were strong in the faith that upon every hundredth anniversary this automaton appeared, and in intelligible speech cursed the memory of the men who by treason wrought disaster to the cause of the Swiss.

No one claimed to know definitely the story of the maker, some having heard it ascribed to the unknown artist who assisted Bishop Berthold of Buech in the construction of the first astronomical clock of Strasburg. But if the automaton was made about A. D. 1472, it was made one hundred years later than the Clock of the Three Sages, with which the Bishop and his unknown helper astonished Europe; while such date is ninety-eight years earlier than the completion of the present wonder of the cathedral. There seemed more probability to the story which associated its origin with the name of the builder of the clock tower of Venice; inasmuch as the automata of St. Mark's are known to have been finished in A. D. 1490.

It was fortunate for me, both that my curiosity had been aroused and guides had been found ready at hand, otherwise it is doubtful whether I should ever have reached Dobello at all. I had noticed a path the day before, leading up the Val Cadelina; but when I had pursued it for half an hour in the morning of the next day, it suddenly disappeared. A vast land-slide had obliterated everything like a path upon this side of the valley. While standing in utter astonishment, as if suddenly come upon the world's jumping-

off place, I heard the voices of peasants down the path. Turning about and retracing my steps a short distance I was just in time to see them making their way up a steep zigzag, which, coming into the lower path at a sharp angle, had been passed unnoticed by me. By rapid climbing I managed to overtake them just as they gained a broad ledge of rock, from which the ascent was by a series of ladders, similar to those which lead from the gorge of the Dala to the hamlet of Albinen above Leukerbad. These men proved to be the persons to whose talk I had listened the night before. After a little difficulty in making myself understood, they were well pleased to admit me to their company.

I should have made sorry work without them, for a more blind trail I never attempted. The ascent which we had just made was followed by a corresponding drop, down all sorts of declivities, until we struck upon a piece of well-constructed roadway, showing that there had once been a broad highway up the valley, built with that care and outlay which indicated the approach to a town of no inconsiderable importance. Twice we went above the snow line, my companions following the unseen path by landmarks only visible to their practised eyes. It was close upon noon, when, passing over a high shoulder, we looked suddenly down upon the town of Dobello itself.

My surprise may be imagined when I say that I looked down, not upon the little dot of a lake represented by the map of the guide-book, but upon a beautiful sheet of water, several miles in circumference, surrounded by meadows as beautiful as those of Chamounix, reflecting in its waters the walls of a town capable of containing six or eight thousand inhabitants. The hills rose about it like the walls of a well, in a nearly true circle; in places as abrupt as the rocky face which overshadows Leukerbad, in other places affording a steep pasturage as upon the slopes to the south of the lake and hospice of

the Grimsel, above the Rhone glacier. The town was, like all in Switzerland and especially in southern Switzerland, compactly built, but in addition was surrounded by a heavy wall more or less broken; having at its upper end, and farthest removed from the lake, a broad plateau, upon which stood the church in which the automaton was said to be. The position of the church reminded me of that one which overlooks Lugano, but the campanile was unique, consisting of not less than eight stories piled one upon the other, the highest being surmounted by a ridge roof. Beside it, upon the same terrace, were the ruins of a mediæval castle; and built to it as a part of itself, on the side opposite the castle, a bone house, such as is common in the villages of northern Italy, but something that I had never seen before in a place of the pretensions of Dobello.

When we descended the *Col* over which we had come, I found fresh evidence of the former importance of the place; for we struck upon a causeway, which, following the outlet of the lake, had once led around the hill through a gorge now impassable. This road left the town by a gateway with double towers. It was evident that here had been a stronghold of the Swiss, a place where, in case of disaster, their forces might retreat and defy all following.

Just as we entered the gate, it chanced that we encountered the Curé of Dobello, who not only returned our salutation but proffered a friendly hand. Recognizing me, both by dress and accent, as a foreigner, he could not forbear many expressions of astonishment; for he assured me that I was the only person not Swiss-born that he had seen in Dobello during his charge of many years. It was impossible to decline the hospitality he offered, since there was not an inn for the accommodation of travellers in the place. My companions were to quarter themselves upon their friends, after the free fashion of all peasants.

The Curé was a man of social tem-

perament, and an enthusiastic believer in the existence of the automaton. After dinner he told me the story of it, so far as it is known. In A. D. 1472, the Milanese held Bellizona as a strong military outpost. From this they had frequently made forays up the St. Gothard pass, but they had never succeeded in reaching the summit of the Lucmanier. More than once their forces, when retreating from the St. Gothard, had been fallen upon by the hardy warriors of Canton Uri, led by the men of Dobello. From Biasca to Arbeddo, the two villages near the junction of these passes, is one oft-fought-over battle field, upon which huge burial mounds are to be seen to this day.

It naturally became the one ambition of the Milanese to break through the defences of the Lucmanier; and many years were spent in plots and strategies. Not since 1422, when the Swiss ventured as far down the valley as Arbeddo only to suffer a terrible defeat, had the Milanese been able to meet them in an open field. There was scarcely a man in the Canton but had been approached, directly or indirectly, by bribes; but not until 1472 were any found willing to sell their knowledge of the mountains' secret passes to the enemy. In that year three men of Dobello agreed to conduct a band of the Lombards by certain hunters' paths to the heights overlooking and commanding the works which I had seen at Santa Maria. The result was the complete annihilation of the troops holding this pass; and Dobello became a prison to its own people. Shut up in a *cul-de-sac*, there was neither egress nor ingress.

It was not long before the betrayers were discovered. The castle joining the church was then occupied by Commander Uomo, a man who never was seen in public but once after the massacre at Sta. Maria; and that once was when he dragged back with him the men convicted of treason.

Much that follows is mere conjecture.

The town was driven to such straits that Uomo and the traitors in his keeping were alike forgotten. The people had largely supported themselves by spinning silk and weaving the lighter sort of fabrics. It was alike impossible to convey any adequate supplies of food to them, or to support the then population of the town upon what little could be raised in the meadows about the little lake. Many of the men worked their way across the mountains to the St. Gothard pass, and others succeeded in reaching Perdatsch in the lower valley. Not a few perished in the mountains; and in the course of three years scarcely any remained, except women and children. In the midst of all this distress, Uomo had caused an addition to be built to the bone-house adjoining the church on the side opposite the castle. What it was for, no one seemed to know or care; but at last, when it was finished, Uomo himself had disappeared. It was found that no opening connected this addition with the other part of the chancel house; no windows were to be found in it; only two heavy doors appeared, one of which opened from the church, the other was in the outer wall opposite. Many supposed that the commander had died alone in his castle; many that he had closed upon himself the curious vault lately built. From that time forward no one ever stepped inside the castle, now in ruins; and no one tried to discover the secrets of his supposed tomb.

As is well known, the Milanese suffered defeat at the hands of the Swiss in 1478, six years later, not only both passes but Bellizona itself passing into their hands. But the avalanches had so far swept away or covered up the causeway leading up the Val Cadelina, and so many of the inhabitants had deserted it, that no attempt seems to have been made to re-occupy the now useless stronghold.

The handful that remained, with true Swiss pertinacity clung to the crumbling town. The outer world

seems for an indefinite time to have been wholly forgotten. Now and then an avalanche buried half their numbers. Occasionally one, like the old servant whose family I had promised to look up, climbed over the mountains and drifted away, no one in Dobello knew whither. The present population, the Curé assured me, was not over two or three hundred; and the rough path by which I had come had been constructed since he came to the place, less than twenty-five years ago.

As to the automaton, he was not only an enthusiastic believer in its existence, but he showed me the written testimony of a predecessor in his present charge, who claimed to have seen a moving, speaking figure in the vault behind the bone-house. According to this statement, we might expect the mysterious doors to open of themselves for the fourth time, at noon of the third day after my arrival; and at one o'clock they would be closed again for another hundred years.

I spent the intervening time in a critical exploration of this almost buried village. Everywhere I found evidence of the former importance of the place; but whole streets now appeared to have been unused for two or three centuries. The church did not differ particularly from those of corresponding Swiss towns, except in the strong oak doors that opened out of the choir into the vault built by Uomo behind the chancel house.

During these three days, scores of peasants from villages in all the neighboring valleys came clambering over the mountains that shut in Dobello; and by noon of the 19th, every foot of space in the gloomy old church was filled.

Not a whisper was heard during the service of the Mass. The very silence of death seemed to have fallen upon the people; the chanting of priest and choir sounded as if in some deep cavern of the earth.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the altar bell tinkled for the Elevation of the

Host; and as the priest solemnly lifted the monstrant above the heads of the people, the mysterious doors at the right of the choir swung open with a dull thud.

I shall never forget the groan that burst from the lips of the awe-struck crowd. They crouched down upon the pavement of the church like wild beasts huddling in terror at the burst of a storm. I confess that my own heart for the moment beat like a drum, and the blood seemed to rush in a flood upon my brain. In an instant however I was myself again; and I saw the priest calmly waving the Host to and fro toward the terrified congregation. I saw then that the light was pouring through the just opened doors, showing that the outer door of the vault was also open, so that a passage was clear from the choir through the vault to the terrace beyond.

It must have been five minutes before courage was so far restored that curiosity began to awaken. The priest, still holding aloft the monstrant, beckoned to the choir boys to take the crucifix and sacred banners that stood behind the altar. Without a word the procession was formed, the priest at the head, followed by the still trembling choir. Motioning to the people to follow, the priest began a processional chant, the choir answering with subdued, uncertain responses. Slowly the Host and Crucifix began to move toward the open doors; slowly the peasants began to form behind them, not daring to refuse the following, trembling with excitement to see the secrets of the vault, yet elbowing each other into the foremost places, and glancing timidly around for convenient chances to retreat if need be.

It took a moment for the eye to become accustomed to the light which, pouring in through the wide outer door, was a violent change from the deep twilight of the church. Then I started to see a human form seated in a carved chair, a little to one side of the outer door, so as to be in half shadow.

Before it were three closed tombs, with oaken sides and top, which the figure was apparently watching.

The priest walked around behind these wooden sarcophagi so as to leave the passage free by them, from the door that opened out of the church to the opposite door that led out into the yard. Just as he had done so, the crucifix-bearer and choir following him, the open-eyed crowd of peasants bulging into the vault, the foremost of them still crowding back and those behind shouldering forward, the light from the outer door shining full in their white faces and round eyes,—the figure in the chair slowly rose, and at the same instant the sides of all the tombs fell banging upon the pavement.

Again a panic smote the peasants, and a struggling mass was seen fighting itself into a dense jam that stuck tightly in the doorway. But with the tinkling of the bell and the renewed waving of the monstrant above the disclosed tombs, the people began to be reassured; when for the third time terror overpowered them, to hear issuing from the mouth of the mysterious form the sounds of human speech. They would have trodden upon one another, had not the priest began an *Ave Maria*, which from force of habit brought them all upon their knees. At its conclusion the priest, turning toward the people who were still kneeling in the doorway and far back into the choir of the church, said:

"My children, the voice which you have just heard asked that the people of these mountains should see and always remember the punishment due to those who would betray their country and its cause. I command you, therefore, to pass by these tombs, where are exposed the remains of men who, four hundred years ago to-day, for gold, sold the lives and liberties of their fellows."

It was then, ashamed of their fears, that the bravest began to come forward, until presently the whole congregation was filing by the tombs, above

which the priest still stood. So mysterious were the automatic movements of the doors of the oaken covers of the sarcophagi and of this human figure, that it required the authority of the priest to dispel their fears of its supernaturalness.

As for myself, I used every moment in a swift study of this wonderful automatic chamber. The figure was of walnut and bronze, fully armed and equipped as a general of Swiss troops. There could be no doubt that it was an image of Uomo himself. The chair upon which it sat had a closed bottom, in which undoubtedly was concealed a part of the machinery by which the movements of the figure are governed. As to the voice, I cannot conceive the mechanism by which it was produced, though the sounds seemed to come from the body, finding vent only by the half-open mouth. The articulation was indistinct, and the meaning I am sure was more than half guessed at by my friend the Curé.

The large stones and perfect joining of the pavement showed that rods, bars, or chains, which moved the doors and oaken covers, were concealed here; and it is more than probable that the source of power itself is concealed beneath the floor.

The tombs, as disclosed by the fall of the covers, were of marvellous workmanship. To all appearance the sides consisted of the finest modern plate glass; the top being of oak plank, the bottom of stone. Those who have seen the shrine of San Carlo Borromeo in the Duomo at Milan, will remember the wonderful shrine of rock crys-

tal in which the body is enclosed. That crystal is from Perdatsch, a little below Santa Maria; and these cases must have been made of the same.

But the sight in each was enough to chill one's blood. Three skeletons lay there, each loaded with chains; neither flesh nor clothing being wholly decayed, but lying upon the bones in patches. There could be no doubt, from their positions, that the wretched men had been shut in these tombs while yet living, or that he who had taken revenge upon them in the name of the republic, had spent his own last days here, in first watching their dying, and then contriving the elaborate automaton that was to perpetuate the cursing of their names. One body was lying upon its back, the limbs outspread; another was crowded close into one corner, lying in a heap; while the third had died sitting against one end of his tomb, and this being probably closed more tightly than the others, the body was there dried like a mummy.

At five minutes before one o'clock, the oaken covers moved upon their hinges and closed with a clang as of sharp springs. The figure, which had remained rigidly standing, waved one stiff arm toward the door, and, unbending, seated itself in the chair. The doors began to close very slowly with a loud rattling sound, as if to give warning; and at one o'clock precisely, the Curé and myself, trying each door, found it closed as firmly as if made of iron, shutting up the Automaton of Dobello to another century of darkness and of silence.

*H. D. Jenkins.*

## REMINISCENCES OF CONCORD.

A PACKAGE of tiny three-cornered letters, written in a delicate feminine hand, and bearing the signature *Sophia Hawthorne*; a pressed and faded but still fragrant spray of May-flower, accompanied by some simple expressions of girlish feeling; a tablet ornamented with quaint and curious devices, after the manner of a monkish missal, the joint product of Rose's brush and Julian's pen and ink tracery, — these and other mementos stowed carefully in a dainty little May-basket of silver tissues, brought to light in the usual autumn unpackings and overturnings, have served to brighten into vivid colors many pleasant pictures of people and places which had already been summoned into shadowy outlines on the canvas of memory by the romance of "Septimius Felton," and Alcott's "Concord Days."

Although eight springs have faded into autumn since the group of eager children hung on the front door knocker their floral offering, I dare say there would scarcely be a perceptible change to-day in the aspect of the village, or in the employments and enjoyments of its people and their children. For the Concord people, those who give tone to the town, and to a large extent mould public sentiment, are lovers of the old landmarks. They are slow to lay desecrating hands on Nature's shrines, or the memorials of their ancestors; and so it happens that the epidemic yclept the "spirit of improvement," which periodically rages in some of our New England towns, manifesting itself in a trimming up of trees, a felling of wayside shrubbery, a straightening of walls, and in some instances going even to the extent of scraping the friendly mosses from old grave-stones and rejuvenating the ancient burying ground, makes little headway here. The venerable elms that interlace their drooping branches over

the village street, free from the bandages and girdles and white-washings and tarred swathings with which modern science wages war against the cancer-worm, are left to Nature's own soft tinted wrappings of moss and lichen, and the vigilance of her inspector, the woodpecker, who keeps up his ceaseless round of tapping and drumming through all the summer days, never quitting his post till the yellow leaves, fluttering down through the calm October air, tell him that the old tree's yearly work is almost finished, and the time of his own watch ended. The zigzag, irregular fences of loose stones, piled together by hands long ago folded in peaceful rest beneath the skull-and-cross-bone-decked slab of the old burying ground, are not torn from the embrace of clematis and ivy, and ignominiously carted off, to make way for a smart "face-wall" of mortar and cement — their usual fate in progressive suburban villages. The gnarled and knotted and fungus-grown branches of the wild apple tree, the inspirer elsewhere of eloquent protests against the sloth of highway surveyors, in Concord calls the pen of a Thoreau to speak its praise and to join his verdict to that of the children, in favor of the juices of wild apple "frozen thaws."

Indeed, the man who cuts down a tree of any sort must show good cause therefor, or he straightway falls under suspicion. Even the wayside shrubbery and flowers find a safeguard in this strong arm of public opinion. The farmer stalking forth in the glory of his newly whetted scythe, and swinging it right and left among the nodding grasses and wild blossoms of the wayside, preparatory to his day's devastation in the adjacent meadow, encounters from the passers-by so many remonstrances on this act of vandalism, that in sheer self-defence he for-



bears to repeat it. The road-maker who spades up a clump of violets and tosses it to be trodden under foot, is likely to meet the rueful visage of some village school-child, grieving over her spoiled treasures. Some scientist was waiting for the budding of that very tree, some botanist coveted that rare plant for his herbarium, some poet has lost the charm of his "accustomed hill."

So the farmer, wakened into a glimmering comprehension of an intangible value in his meadows and swamps, not only turns aside his scythe (after the time-honored custom of his craft,) from the heads of thoroughwort, pennyroyal, catnip, and other "herbs" which, tied in bunches and hung along the garret rafters, are destined to be brewed into decoctions for the alleviation of his winter rheumatics, but walks tenderly among the meadow rue and dodder, deigns to pluck a branch of azalea, and sets up his rake beside an unusually rich habitat of orchids, telling "the girls," his daughters, that he has found a "spot" of posies, with as much satisfaction as his brother farmer in the less enlightened "districts" would proclaim the discovery of a "spot" of blueberries or cranberries. Or if, when ushering in his learned neighbor to exhibit to him some famous *lusus naturæ* of the farm yard, and opening a crack of the "best parlor" shutter to display the treasure carefully laid away in the cupboard by the fireplace, he chances to observe his guest's approving glance at the dried grasses and ferns in the disused oil lamp on the mantelpiece, he experiences a glow of paternal pride not unminged with twinges of remorse for former contemptuous remarks upon these same "bundles of hay," and is moved thereby to bring home from his next visit to the "general court" a pair of vases which are the delight of the feminine heart.

These plain, common-sense men form no mean part of the Concord people. They are the backbone of the town; they make its selectmen, its town offi-

cers; they enforce its laws, even to the putting in jail of their townsman, Thoreau, for his conscientious non-payment of taxes. Law is sacred to them, liberty dear. From their ranks went the patriots who, standing in stern defiance by the rude bridge that arched the flood of their own peaceful river, "made the first forcible resistance to British aggression," and "fired the shot heard round the world." They sent a Prescott to Bunker Hill, and on the roll of her martyrs for the Red, White, and Blue, Concord ranks high the name of the soldier farmer, lineal descendant of the hero of Bunker Hill. The sturdy yeomanry, dealing only with the practical side of life, view the vagaries and sentimentalisms and "conversations" of their literary neighbors, the Emersons, Hawthornes, Thoreaus, Alcotts, Channings, etc., with a sort of mingled pride and contempt, such as they feel for the gossamers and parchments and blue ribbons of their favorite daughters, fresh from boarding school,—very fine and quite wonderful, of no possible harm, yet of no possible use, like Horace Greeley's farming. They have become so used to all sorts of oddities that they do not mind much about them. They expect to meet men and women with air distraught and "eyes in fine frenzy rolling;" they rather like to see Alcott's benignant face looking over their farm gate, and Emerson prowling about among their swamps and regarding their "pastors" and "wild lands" with a poet's eye. They think, "maybe he will put their 'property' into a book somehow." They therefore spare their old stumps, save the Indian arrow-heads which they turn up with the plough, patch up the fragment of old china, relic of colonial tea taxes, rub up the tiled fireplaces and brass andirons, suffer no modern bell-hanger to deprive the front door of its knocker, and no modern historian to disprove by stubborn facts any of their cherished local traditions.

Mingling in half condescending fa-

miliarity with the denizens of the "huckleberry districts," and now and then, by the caprices of Cupid, getting a wholesome engrafting of the wild olive on their own somewhat enfeebled stock, are the old families of Manse and Hall, the judges and madams of the old school, who, with the before-mentioned men of letters, make up an aristocracy of high-bred refinement and culture.

This class shades off and degenerates into the great level of aspiring mediocrity. There is a kind of commonplace, contented mediocrity, as solacing to the mind as is the unpretending verdure of field and meadow. But it is one of the misfortunes of a town like Concord, which produces a few original thinkers, to develop a great crop of imitators. Every grass blade wants to become a *Victoria Regia*. Youths and maidens who, in a less classic atmosphere, would be revelling in the sweets of the last novel, "matching shades" of Berlin wools, adjusting ties and cravats, in Concord profess to be enamored of Plutarch and Epictetus, and find scope for their juvenile energies in self-improvement clubs, for the discussion of the grave problems of the preëxistent state, or the comparative claims of Jesus and Confucius. It interests me now to recall how the wave of patriotism, in those days of our national crisis, came rolling over the old town, stirring its historic memories, levelling its social distinctions, shaking up its artificial sentimentalities, and lifting its people into a fellowship of high and holy impulses. Then the farmer grasped in fervent pressure the hand of the poet orator whose eloquence gave voice to his own struggling emotions; then mothers of the checked apron and chimney corner, and mothers of the starched frill and marble hall, bowed together over their dead; then the young people postponed their platitudes about the preëxistent state for the present duties of lint-scraping and bandage-rolling, knitting soldiers' stockings and writing sol-

diers' letters; then all who had anything of the natural heart left in them after these years of fictitious sentiment, spoke plain words, did good deeds, wept true tears.

Mysterious power, by which this torn and crumpled May basket has revived the dormant impressions of former years, and become a magic conjuror to call up the actors and scenes among which it played its humble part! Let me try to detain for a little some of the thick coming visions, and bring into bolder relief their shadowy outlines, making use of the village main street as a clue with which to thread the labyrinth of memory.

Leaving the station of the Fitchburg railway, by which we have come an hour's ride northwest from Boston, we get our first glimpse of the broad meadows which gave the Indian name *Musketaquid*, "grass land," to the place, and which, more than two centuries ago, the white man's covetous hand contrived to grasp from his red brother. Over this road the gentle Eliot doubtless often walked on his apostolic errands; here the gowned scholar paced his thoughtful way, when the din of armies invaded his seclusion amid the shades of Cambridge, and Concord became for a time the seat of Harvard College. Here through the gray of the dawn rode Paul Revere, carrying his cry of alarm; here rode the British soldier to his doom at the river; here went the village youth to his grave by the Potomac.

Yonder, among those square country houses, standing in a slumberous line a little back from the village street, each with half open shutter and brass front-door knocker polished to the intensity of brightness, and stone steps scrubbed to the intensity of cleanness, a sort of type of the somnolent dignity of the old colonial days, stands the modest mansion of our first attorney-general under Grant, the tried and trusted citizen of Concord, the genial host, the dignified scholar, the just judge, and incorruptible statesman.



That young man entering the gate may be the boy whose early Latin studies took the following practical form of composition, as related to me by a teacher to whom it was presented:

"Judge Hoar. My dear father: I am *bene*, mamma is *bene*, brother is *bene*, sister is *bene*, and we are all very *bene*. I hope you are *bene*."

Not far distant is the house whence Mr. Frank Sanborn found himself so unceremoniously hustled into a hack that he had not hired for a ride that he had not planned, in those exciting times of fugitive slave bills and John Brown raids.

I see coming out of the adjoining house, a quaint, queer-looking woman, wearing an extraordinary bonnet for size and shape, and having a general air of obliviousness to the minor feminine attractions of the toilet. This is Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the first to introduce into this country the Kindergarten schools, and the translator of Froebel's lectures on that method of training. And accompanying her is a small delicate lady, in deep black, the widow of Horace Mann and sister of Miss Peabody and Mrs. Hawthorne. It was no uncommon sight at the time of her residence in Concord to behold her in intimate converse with some representative of the colored race. She used to entertain at her home many gifted men and women of this unfortunate people, and where their interests were concerned her heart sometimes got the better of her judgment. I well remember when the sensitive, shrinking woman, in the real spirit of martyrdom, came under the escort of a great, burly, blustering black man to a Sunday evening lecture, where her guest poured forth such a vulgar tirade that even the most radical of the radical "abolitionists" winced under it.

Leaving the busy little centre of the post-office, whose mail bags have probably carried more matter worthy to be called literature than those of any other New England country village, we come to the plain house where Henry

Thoreau passed the few hours daily in which he could brook the restraint of roof and walls, and the to him stifling proximity of human beings. Everybody knows the story of his hermit life in the Walden woods, and how the lover of nature studied the moods and wooed the caresses of his chaste mistress. His was no passing sentiment, but a deep, patient, undying passion. It led him through trackless wilds and over frozen streams, out under the winter stars, abroad through the cold gray meadow fogs; it stole the color from his cheek and set the death damp on his brow; but it opened the fine sensibilities of his being to all subtle influences of sun and moon, wind and rain, and attuned his ear to all harmonies of earth and air, and quickened his vision to an almost prophetic instinct, so that he knew when flower would open, bird would nest, bees would swarm; he would tell you, though he had never seen it, where rare plant would grow, or pick up at a venture the Indian arrow-head which had lain unnoticed by other eyes. What others sought afar, came to him in his daily rambles. "I have found the Red Snow; I expect yet to see the Victoria Regia." Mr. Lowell calls Thoreau narrow and intolerant. His was the narrowness that believes in only one love, the intolerance that is impatient of praises of another's mistress, so rare in this age of roving fancies and frittered-out feeling that it may well be pardoned.

From the recluse's hermitage, the scene shifts, by no unnatural transition, to a spot consecrated by nearly two centuries of home affections and domestic ties. Back from the road, under embowering elms, stands the homestead, a weather-beaten, unpainted, "frame" house, its roof sloping nearly to the ground in the rear. Vines climb over the window; friendly, old-fashioned shrubbery nestles about the threshold; the birds seem to take special delight here; robins hop over the green sward and stretch up their necks curi-

ously, as if they wanted to step into the open door; orioles hang their nests in pendent branches of the elm, and peer in at the chamber windows; there is an inviting, homely air about the place, just the spot for the serene *conversations* of the patriarchal Alcott, and for the tales of Aunt Joe's Scrap Bag, and the pranks and capers of Little Men and Women.

In "Concord Days," Mr. Alcott, with the egotistic *naïveté* which lends the chief charm to his book, says of this house: "My neighbors flatter me in telling me that I have one of the best placed and most picturesque houses in our town. I know very well the secret of what they praise. 'Tis simply adapting the color and repairs to the architecture, and holding these in keeping with the spot. . . . As for fences and gates, I was told that mine were unlike any other in the world, yet as good as any, hereby meaning to praise them, I infer."

Next to telling us about themselves, the most entertaining thing our literary friends can do for us is to talk about their neighbors. Literary gossip, whatever the moral hygienist may think of it, is pleasant to the taste. If we cannot all yet swallow, without a protest, the pungent sauces of Mrs. Joaquin Miller, we must confess to a decided relish for the spices with which Mr. Fields serves up his friends; and doubtless we shall all enjoy the mild flavor of Mr. Alcott's Boswellian sketches of the Concord essayist quite as much as we do his philosophic dissertations and translations of Plutarch and Plotinus. If we may credit the "serene idealist's" estimate of Mr. Emerson's tastes and preferences, the poetry of "the breakfast table" singing the praises of cities and the heroes who live "under glass" is not likely at present to find an echoing strain from the author of "Nature." "All men," says the gentle sage, "love the country who love mankind with a wholesome love and have poetry and company in them. Our essayist makes good this preference. If city bred, he

has been for the best part of his life a villager and countryman. . . . He is a student of the landscape, of mankind, of rugged strength wherever found, liking plain persons, plain ways, plain clothes." Perhaps it is the consciousness of this appreciation of their own simple virtues that makes Mr. Emerson the idol of the plain people of Concord. To him nothing is trivial. "Talents differ, all is well and wisely put." He is pleased everywhere, welcome everywhere; to talk philosophy with the sage, jurisprudence with the judge, crops with the farmer, Latin grammar or base ball with the school-boy, poetry or croquet with the maiden.

The "plain" house made elegant with choice collections of art and literature, and sacred with the associations of genius, and graceful with the hospitalities of a refined courtesy, is too well known to need description. When the telegraph wires flashed the brief announcement of its destruction by fire, they touched a chord of sympathy in millions of hearts all over our country. It is characteristic of the man to rebuild the place almost precisely as it was before. We can imagine that the line of ghostly succession linked with the familiar rooms is of "apostolic" sacredness, and that to keep it unbroken would be of no small moment.

Mr. Emerson is now living in the Old Manse where he wrote "Nature," and which the pen of Hawthorne has made so familiar. The river, the battle-field with its granite shaft, the orchard, the garden, the avenue of lindens, the house itself, its gambrel roof, its dusty garret, and library of old Puritan sermons, its legends of the venerable parson in his small clothes and knee buckles, have been a thousand times described.

When I first knew Concord, years had elapsed since the Hawthornes "gathered up their household goods and drank a farewell cup of tea in the pleasant little breakfast room of the

manse." They had made a home in England, and once more returning to their native land had nestled in the Wayside Cottage of whose cramped quarters Mr. Hawthorne complains so bitterly in his letters to Mr. Fields. To secure solitude and privacy, Mr. H. built out from his little cote a tower of refuge, not merely as a place for quiet meditation on the romance and mystery of human destiny, but as a retreat from the eyes of his fellow beings. In certain moods the presence of even the humblest stranger fretted him. In the most familiar and delightful social intercourse, he has been seen suddenly to chill and contract by the mere addition to the party of a well-known neighbor, and, forewarned of an arrival, he has often darted away to his lonely perch. Some village gossips, suffering the pangs of baffled curiosity, used to take a malicious revenge in descriptions of the ludicrous manner in which, as they said, he "went up through his trap door." Note the difference in the desire for solitude of the two preëminently solitary men of Concord. Thoreau, in the intensity of his devotion to nature, scorning the conventionalities of society, defying the power of legislators, and struggling in vain against the fetters that he cannot break, flees away to the deep recesses of the wood. His is the wild bird's pining behind cage wires for its native thickets, the chained beast's chafing for his forest lair.

As the robin rears her brood and finds her safest retreat on the friendly bough that hangs over the porch or peeps in at the window, Hawthorne sought his privacy near the haunts of men. The study window of the manse looked to the highway, the tower perch was within call of the family sitting room, the path of his solitary rambles was the watchman's beat, back and forth near his castle, not the hunter's tramp over hill and dale. He loved to keep near to men. More than anything else the study of humanity fascinated him; more than anything else it perhaps at times repelled him. Possi-

bly it was because he scrutinized motives and speculated about mental action that he shrank from similar scrutiny. Not for any shame or desire of concealment, but as the owner of a choice instrument of exquisite mechanism guards it from the touch of a bungler, he shuddered at the idea of exposing to the uncomprehending stare and rough handling of idle curiosity the finenesses of his spiritual being. He shrank, as the mimosa of the plain instinctively contracts its petals at the distant tramp of the buffalo. Yet in the photograph of him which lies in my May basket there is nothing suggestive of such sensitiveness. From it or from a casual meeting of the original, one might have taken him for a successful banker or merchant, a lover of the world's good things, a millionaire equally at home on 'Change or in the *salons* of fashion. Contrast the elegant *négligé* of his dress, the easy air of nonchalance with which he holds his soft crowned, Spanish-looking hat carelessly in one hand, with the scholarly simplicity, almost rusticity, of Emerson's manner.

Turning from the photographs to the package of three-cornered letters, I recall distinctly the face and figure of the writer, Sophia Hawthorne: a short red-faced little woman, English or German-looking, not arousing the least suspicion of being "literary," except it might be for a certain grotesqueness of dress, sometimes indicative of a mind preoccupied. On first acquaintance one would not have imagined her to be more than a notable housewife, filled with uncomprehending admiration of her husband's genius. Yet everybody knows that she was a congenial and appreciative friend. There was a certain romantic and poetical side to her in other respects matter of fact character, which sometimes subjected her to the good humored jokes of more prosaic people.

The eccentric old village doctor, who rejoiced in a family of six red-headed children, once incautiously replied to a

friend inquiring about the "new baby" at the Hawthornes, "Well, it has red hair just like all my children," a speech kindly repeated, as such speeches are apt to be, to the baby's mother. Tradition reports variously the conversation which followed between the mother and the doctor; but soon after, visiting the friend before mentioned, the old gentleman, after having started down the garden walk on his way to his buggy at the gate, suddenly turned back, and called out, as if almost breathless with important news, "I wish to correct a false statement! Did I say that Mrs. Hawthorne's baby had red hair? I was mistaken. It is golden brown, just like all my children's; golden brown! Ha, ha, ha!" And he hobbled away, rubbing his hands over the joke, and murmuring "golden brown!" Time proved the mother's loving instinct to be a truer prophecy than medical science. In the wealth of soft sunny hair that adorned the head of the girl of eighteen, even the good doctor's eye would hardly have detected a resemblance to "all my children."

Putting back into the May basket the child's faded blossoms, the dead mother's letters, and the dead father's likeness, I am reminded of the closing scenes of that month of flowers, when the shadows of the first great bereavement darkened over the Wayside Cottage. On the twenty-third of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, the mortal body of Nathaniel Hawthorne was carried out of the village meeting-house in Concord to its final rest. The details of the occasion, what may have been said, or who may have spoken, have wholly faded from my mind. For me, the eloquence of the hour was from the still lips in the coffin, the unfinished manuscript clasped in the cold fingers, the rosy tints and rich perfume of the apple blossoms (the flower that in life he loved) mocking the pallor of death, yet seeming almost to cast over the lifeless clay something of their own living warmth.

Whatever was said must have been choicely spoken, since it harmonized so entirely with the scene as to have left no sense of discord or jarring harshness. Fine speeches would have been out of place. Funeral orations, one would think, might almost have disturbed the dead, the shy, silent man who always shrank from the scrutiny of strangers, and sometimes shunned even the eye of friendship. I could not forbear the thought that, at that very moment, his "unburied ghost" might be ill at ease in the church, a place that his living footsteps rarely if ever trod. One of those psychological problems, such as weave their dark thread through so many of his stories, vexed me at that funeral hour: the freed spirit viewing the burial rites of what had once been its own dear self, that organism so lately alert to obey its every volition, now outside of and beyond its reach, as truly external and foreign to it as the tree of the field or the clod of the valley. "Another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." I found myself misapplying the familiar text, and wishing that the Wayside home might have sheltered the patient body till it found rest in the grave. I did not like to see the throng pass around for a look at the dead man, the great crowd of busy, curious people, who would go away to talk about "the corpse," and whether it looked natural. It seemed like taking him at a disadvantage; as if it had said, "You are the man that kept yourself aloof; you turned into side paths when you met us; now we can look as long as we like to."

Mr. Hawthorne, as every one will recall, died unattended by wife or child, alone in his room at the house of his friend, Mr. Franklin Pierce. In order that the associations of the grave, the terrible awe of the untenanted clay that haunts the chamber of death, might not be brought by her hand to the house to which Providence had spared them, Mrs. Hawthorne decided to have the coffin enclosing her hus-

band's remains taken directly from the cars to the church. Criticism is out of place in regard to the solemnities of burial rites; still we may be permitted to question whether the private prayer at the family altar would not have been most in consonance with the life of Mr. Hawthorne. Doubtless it would have best accorded with the wishes of his intimate friends and of his family. In yielding to the demands of a public that craved him as in part belonging, like all the great master thinkers, to humanity, they sacrificed their most sacred feelings.

Among the crowd of people who now gazed at his lifeless clay, the great romancer had lived as it were unknown; and it cannot be denied that, by the mass of his townsmen, he died unappreciated. Yet his life had been as noble, his thinking as intense, his death as martyr-like, as that of any of their heroes. Society, who never quite forgave him that he did not grace her parlors and add brilliancy to her receptions, pronounced him heartless. Patriotism, that speechified in the town hall and shouted itself hoarse after every victory, clamored for him to show his colors. Even the friends who trusted him where they could not understand, felt grieved at his silence concerning the questions of the hour. They wished he would yield to the popular clamor for something more stirring than those "peaceful fantasies" which, as he said in the preface to "Our Old Home," he was "content to scatter on the hurricane." In reading "The Romance of Septimius Felton," it seemed to me as if its author had stretched out a hand to us from beyond the grave, taking us into his secret places and gratifying our desire to know what his mighty intellect was struggling with in those months when we were condemning him as cold, insensible, traitorous. We cannot but feel that the following bitter words of Septimius were the utterance of one of his own despairing moods, the self-accusations of a jealous introspection,

chiding as absence of feeling that calmness which was its intensity: "He felt himself strangely ajar with the human race, and would have given much either to be in full accord with it, or to be separated from it forever." Again: "I am dissevered from it; it is my doom to be only a spectator of life, to look on as one apart from it."

Undoubtedly, too, he knew and painfully felt the atmosphere of suspicion that involved him. "But all this was idle, and was indeed but the foolish babble that hovers like a mist about men who withdraw themselves from the throng and involve themselves in unintelligible pursuits and interests of their own."

While this babble of tongues, these clamors of censorious criticism, were raging around him; while his faithful adherence to his old college friend was condemned as traitorous, and his reticence as to the questions of the hour cowardice, these were the thoughts which stirred his soul at the events of which his townsmen believed him to be at best but an indifferent spectator: "O high, heroic, tremulous juncture, when man felt himself almost an angel on the verge of doing deeds that outwardly look so fiendish! O strange rapture of the coming battle! We know something of that time now; we that have seen the muster of the village soldiery on the meeting-house green and at railway stations, and heard the drum and fife, and seen the farewells; seen the familiar faces that we hardly knew now that we felt them to be heroes; breathed higher breath for their sakes; felt our eyes moistened; thanked them in our souls for teaching us that nature is yet capable of heroic moments; felt how a great impulse lifts up a people, and every cold, passionless, indifferent spectator — lifts him up into religion, and makes him join in what becomes an act of devotion, a prayer, when perhaps he but half approves."

Yet while penning these very words, he perhaps felt himself more than ever

"dissevered," by reason of those torturing doubts which would thrust themselves in, even in the "high, heroic juncture," and make him end the sentence with the "he but half approves." Other men were borne blindly along by the passions of the hour on the easy path of glory, recking little whether to the victor's wreath or the martyr's crown. But something held him back even in the flood-tide of feeling, kept him from that ecstatic assurance for which "he would have given much," restrained him from joining in the deafening huzzas and throwing up his hat with the unthinking crowd. Amid the drum beats of victory his ear caught the undertones of anguish, the groans of battle-field and hospital, the sobbings of bereaved and desolate homes. His penetrating analysis divided, with sharp incision, the impulse of patriotism from the fierce brute instinct and vengeful thirst for blood that urges on the fury of the onset. He saw how near to the ardor of the saint may be the malice of the fiend. "How strange, how strange it is, this deep, wild passion that nature has implanted in us to be the death of our fellow creatures, and which coexists at the same time with horror."

Then, too, the problem of wasted lives, existences prematurely cut off, constantly perplexed him. That idea of the vital forces struggling against the great enemy, which forms the groundwork of the Romance, undoubtedly grew and took shape from the materials furnished by the daily despatches from the battle-fields. The sacrifice of such men as Theodore Winthrop, and the regiments of volunteers from our colleges and universities, the idols of society, the very Sidneys of our century, — how full of baffling suggestions to such a mind as Hawthorne's!

"It seemed so dreadful to have reduced this gay, animated, beautiful being to a lump of dead flesh for the flies to settle upon, and which in a few hours would begin to decay; which

must be put forthwith into the earth lest it should be a horror to men's eyes; that delicious beauty for women to love, that strength and courage to make him famous among men, all come to nothing, all probabilities of life in one so gifted; the renown, the position, the pleasures, the profits, the keen ecstatic joy; this never could be made up, — all ended quite."

Was there one of all the cavilling critics whose heart was more keenly alive to the questions of the time than his who wrote these words? Was there one who, from the gloom of a clouded and morbid fancy, could emerge into a more beautiful Christian faith than that of the following:

"But it was wonderful. What a change had come over it since only a few moments ago he looked at that death-contorted countenance! Now there was a high and sweet expression upon it, of great joy and surprise, and yet a quietude diffused throughout, as if the peace being so very great was what had surprised him. . . . It was an expression contrived by God's providence to comfort, to overcome all the dark auguries that the physical ugliness of death inevitably creates, and to prove by the divine glory on the face that the ugliness is a delusion. It was as if the dead man himself showed his face out of the sky with heaven's blessing on it, and bade the afflicted be of good cheer and believe in immortality."

We are almost compelled to the conviction that some presentiment of his own nearness to the dim unknown haunted Hawthorne's mind, and mixed itself up with his musings. When he makes Septimius Felton complain of the brief span allotted to man, and the small chance afforded for any great achievement by reason of lack of time, there seems to be, as it were, a foreshadowing of his own interrupted plans, a painful sense of a clogged and retarded movement in the physical and mental mechanism, a foreboding of change, of the sudden snapping of some vital



threads. To go out of life and leave so much undone,—this is the burden of the complaint; as if the seer's eye had caught a glimpse of the broken branch, the "unfinished romance," and his ear anticipated the strains of his own funeral dirge:

"There in seclusion and remote from men  
The wizard hand lies cold,  
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,  
And left the tale half told.

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power  
And the lost clue regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
Unfinished must remain!"

*Sarah L. Bailey.*

#### KATY-DID.

ERE the sumacs, crimson turning,  
Or the upland maples, burning,  
Show a faintest tint of red;  
While the primrose still is glowing,  
And the faded pansies sowing  
Seed for other seasons' blowing,  
Wakes thy piping, Katy-did.

Through the dusky twilight falling,  
Do I hear thee, lonesome calling,  
In thy grassy covert hid;  
Of the minstrels of the summer,  
Droning, dolorous, latest comer,  
Autumn's earliest herald drummer,  
Art thou, mournful Katy-did.

Sadly falls thy ceaseless sighing,  
On the heart where hope is dying—  
On the heart where love is dead;  
Like an endless wail of sorrow—  
Plaint of grief that may not borrow  
Solace from the coming morrow—  
Solemn trilling Katy-did.

Ever, till our life be ended,  
With the higher life inblended,  
From all darkling memories hid,  
But to hear thy harp at even,  
Like a dying soul unshriven,  
Shall our breasts be sorrow riven,  
Still to mind us, Katy-did,

Of the watching, wan and weary,  
Through the long hours, sad and dreary,

With a tear-wet, sleepless lid,  
Light of orbs more lovely, failing,  
Than far-shining Cynthia, paling,  
Listening dear lips' fevered wailing,  
And thy moaning, Katy-did.

Watching by the darkened river,  
Slowly ebbing, ebbing ever  
Through the midnight, dim and dread;  
Feet from shores of time retreating,  
Than our life a dearer fleeting,  
Harkening to our own heart beating,  
And thy joyless Katy-did.

Weary, woful, prayerful, tearful,  
Waiting, sad, the moment fearful —  
Knowing our beloved dead;  
In Death's awful shadow lying,  
Reft, despairing, anguished, dying,  
Oh, how cheerless comes thy sighing,  
To the love-lorn, Katy-did!

Me — alas! the songs ye sing me  
Do such mournful memories bring me,  
Of the days to sorrow wed,  
Olden loss doth now bereave me,  
Olden griefs now deeply grieve me;  
Hush thy requiem-chant, and leave me  
Unto Silence — Katy-did!

*B. Hathaway.*



## THE MILLION IN THE GARRET.

## A STORY OF WARSAW.

*(From the Polish.)*

## CHAPTER I.

## A PICTURE OF THE RECENT PAST.

DURING the first months of the so-called Congressional Kingdom, Warsaw appeared more crowded with people than it had been for many years previous. The most motley figures passed up and down the streets, lounging about the corners, greeting each other, communing eagerly together, taking leave, separating—all bearing the impress of the exceptional life which reigned at the capital.

The reason of this exceptional state of things was to be readily surmised. A change had taken place in the affairs of the country. Napoleon had sailed for the island of St. Helena, the Polish army had come home, and the Congress of Vienna had imposed new conditions on the conquered kingdom.

In this way the social life of the capital had altered in all its phases. Polish society resembled at that time a swollen river, whose waters, slowly subsiding and retreating into their old bed, found there many unlooked-for changes. Here yawned gulfs, there quicksands had formed larger and smaller islands; while in other places stones had tumbled down, causing insurmountable obstructions.

Thus appeared Polish society, after it had passed through many vicissitudes, after hopes which had surpassed dreams in extravagance, from which it was now necessary to return to stern reality and to accept it for a long time to come.

The army had returned. Thousands of families hastened to the capital to welcome as soon as possible those who had happily survived, or to ascertain

at least the particulars of the death of others who had not come back.

It was easy to recognize on the streets those who had met no relative. Sadly, with bent heads, they walked along and gazed about in all directions, anxious whether they might not still behold some beloved face, or at least some one to offer them in mercy words of comfort, which would encourage for a few hours sweet hope.

There were those to whom were related all the particulars of how this or that one had perished on the field of battle, and who still would not believe it, for to believe meant, with them, to die.

Near the Column of Sigismund large crowds of these unfortunates usually collected, and communicated to each other the news gathered during the day. This news was often so incredible that only the broken heart of a mother, the stricken soul of a father, or the utter despair of a wife, could believe it.

From the day of the battle of Leipzig there could have been seen, for five years, a tall, gaunt man, in a large square cap, who wandered along the Faubourg de Cracovie and the New World, from the Column of Sigismund to the Three Crosses. He stepped before every passer-by, to ask him whether he had met or seen his son.

For ten years an aged woman might have been daily seen on all the principal streets, who sought there her only son. She watched all the gates of the city, listened to the conversation of the passer-by, wept and prayed, believing in her maternal heart that her son was not lost, that he would return. And when she came to part with this world

in a hospital cell, the unhappy old woman still wept bitterly that God should not have granted her three more days of life, because within three days her son would surely arrive at Warsaw, and there would then be none to welcome him home.

And like this father seeking his son in the end from habit alone, like this mother still looking for the return of her only child, there were thousands, though their hopes and fears did not always assume so eccentric a form. They sat sad and silent, in garrets and fireplaces, wiping their tears with bare hands and laced pocket handkerchiefs.

To the overcrowded city also flocked those who desired to profit by the new state of things. The country required reconstruction, the army reorganization. Some wished to serve their country from pure motives, others for bread; while a great part were such as saw in this new condition of affairs ample openings for their ambition and pride.

In addition to this, it must also be taken into consideration that after the exertions which the country had made within the past years, many whose fortunes had decayed, and thousands of the new *proletariat*, came to the capital, as the heart of the country, to find there a living, or, at least, companions in misery.

Besides these obviously poor people, there were hundreds of others who did not like to admit their poverty. They were not absolutely poor, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but poor in comparison to what they desired to be thought.

These people were the ill-starred legacy of the last days of the Commonwealth. Their fathers, tempted by a strange, still unexplained psychological madness into the gravest excesses, threw away, in their frenzy, their property and honest national traditions. Going down to the grave, they transmitted their historical names to degenerate descendants, to whom they left no fortunes, and whom they had taught nothing. These possessed not even

sufficient patriotism to enter the ranks of the national army. Gaunt and starving, they preferred to hang round the *salons* of Warsaw, and brood from day to day on the threatening morrow. But for all that, their appearance indicated them to be men of adequate wealth, and their pretensions exceeded those of many a millionaire.

To this class of people the present era was very propitious. Many of them, having done nothing to distinguish them in life, adapted themselves to the new state of things and took well-paid service in the opposition camp, where those who had marched on the murderous batteries of Samosiera were often subordinated to them. Others tried to secure a comfortable position by other means.

If one of these had but straight legs, and on his body a face not exactly homely, he considered himself exempt from all useful employment. All he needed was to take good care of those legs and that face, to believe with the implicit faith of a Turk that this should suffice him to obtain, without work, a handsome fortune — with the addition of a wife.

And these adventurers reasoned quite logically. According to their conception, the days of substantial services to the country, services which had always been generously rewarded with dignities and riches, were irretrievably gone. There was hence no hope of sustaining the ancient renown of the nation, and it became necessary to save the social standing endangered through poverty by a rich marriage, for which willing millionaires were never wanting. In return for the million were given a distinguished name, a coat-of-arms for the panels of the carriage and the buttons of the livery. No more? Why more, when this sufficed?

Of such men the society to which we now introduce the reader was composed. Every one of them might, under other circumstances, have become a cabinet minister: now they had nothing to dream of but — a dowried wife.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

In a small parlor, arranged with quaint and studied elegance, sat five young gentlemen. The pictures on the walls indicated that the master of the house was a bachelor. Horses and grayhounds hung side by side with gay women: hunting scenes were placed next to copies of the productions of ancient Greece. Clocks, mirrors, articles of luxury, and the inevitable cupid with the golden arrow—an ornament esteemed in the times of Sigismund—abounded in all directions.

The gentlemen were all young: not one of them had much overstepped his thirtieth year. All wore their hair combed erect in tufts on the centre of the head, as the fashion of the day enacted, for wigs had gone out of date. The hair, for a time shorn close, now grew mysteriously upwards. The coats, which were cut away something in the style of dress-coats, had high collars reaching to the ears. White handkerchiefs in voluminous folds were tied in knots defying solution. A long French vest completed the attire of the most important part of the human body. Some of the young gentlemen still wore the ruffle on the shirt-bosom and laces at the wrist.

One of them, of dark hair and complexion, was in conversation called the Chamberlain's son. The second, with light hair, had a moment before been addressed by the servant as Master Cupbearer. The third, a pale young fellow, with chestnut hair, was simply called Hector, sometimes with the addition of his escutcheon, "Leliva:" and, to carry out the Greek tradition, the fourth, with red hair, was called Achilles. The fifth, the least distinguished but most loquacious, was briefly named Lesio, with the addition of "Pilarva."

After a silence, caused by the remark of Hector that "the Lady Chamberlain's party"—to which the majority of those present had been invited—

"would not be numerous," Lesio Pilarva observed:

"I do not mean to run for office. There are many drawbacks connected with it. Besides, the public service is now-a-days not worth a fig. Formerly, when there were crown estates—"

"Andrew has accepted a captaincy in a regiment of chasseurs," interrupted Hector.

"The army is not half so bad, but it is hard to reconcile one's self to the quill and the green table"—said the Chamberlain's son. "If one could start from something, say a colonel—as Potocki once remarked. But to serve in filthy barracks, and afterwards to enter the *salon* of my Lady Palatine, whose nerves are so delicate that she smells the barracks at a distance of ten paces—"

"It is out of the question!" ejaculated Master Cupbearer.

"*Mais, savez vous*, that Lolko is going to be married, and gets two millions in cash!" said Achilles, running his fingers through his hair.

"*Sapristie!* that such luck should not befall an honest man!" remarked the Chamberlain's son.

Hereupon ensued a conversation entirely about the dowered young ladies of the capital. Everybody talked, each contributed his knowledge, and so animated grew the conversation that it became difficult to distinguish the speakers.

"It is said that Isabella will not have more than two hundred! The Starosta's wife threw dust into the eyes of the aspirants!"

"Andrew is near his declaration. His lawyer has whispered to him that Tela will have half a million."

"Do you know the misfortune which has happened to Stephano? For two years he sang Italian songs and went daily to the Carmelites to early mass, and they even say that he has fasted through a whole Lent! Now he has been told that during the life-time of the lady mother, who is healthy and strong, Miss Eliza will receive nothing except

a periodical delivery of kitchen stuff, if Stephano lives in the city, as he has promised the young lady to do."

"*Que diable!* This is not a pleasant business; it will require some tact to back out."

"Stanislaus helped himself best when he sought out the daughter of a rich butcher, to whom he went daily to get tripe and sausages."

"So much the better; we shall have the choicest hams and sausages after a lenten dinner at my Lady Palatine's."

Here the door opened, and a short, rotund man, with glittering charms on his chin, entered the room. Once his hair might perhaps have been dark, but its increasing gray was now rubbed over with some kind of black dye, while an obtrusive and unbecoming baldness was covered by long wisps of hair, carefully gathered up from the sides. But there was something about the red, shining face of the last guest, which indicated that in his secret soul he still counted himself young, though he ostentatiously disclaimed this, and called himself old. At the same time he did not like it when others called him by that adjective. He would then even be angry.

"Kubas!" "Kubas!" exclaimed all in concert, and rose to embrace their friend.

Kubas had this day the face of a genuine diplomatist. Concealing his chin behind a high collar and the wide folds of his handkerchief, he cast his bulbous eyes over the company with a certain distrustful diffidence, and waited to be addressed.

"What news does old Kubas bring us to-day?" exclaimed Hector, slapping him on the shoulder.

Kubas winced, threw his hat on a chair, and gruffly replied: "It seems impossible to speak seriously with you. You are always at your childish jokes." Kubas thereupon went to the mirror and rearranged with great pains the tuft of hair gathered up from the sides.

"But father Jacob; venerable patriarch! disperse the wrinkles on thy

brow, where they are the evidence, not of years, but of frantic rage!" improvised Lesio with a smile.

"Cease your fooling!" savagely retorted Kubas; "I am better aware than you that I am no milksop, but—"

"But a man in the very prime of life—" interrupted several.

Kubas once more sent his convex eyes out to reconnoitre. They wandered over all the noses and half-open mouths, and attempted even to penetrate the skulls, but failed. The disobedient organs recoiled from the polished foreheads, and refused to try their luck a second time. Kubas reflected, as if undecided about something.

His companions surrounded him, and began to coax and overwhelm him with caresses.

"Wait," after a while said Kubas, who was also occasionally called Krzywda, his ancestral name.

All now resumed their seats, leaving the sofa to the new comer.

"I bring you great news," began Kubas Krzywda, who was a relative of the Crown Secretary; "news which will touch you to the marrow. There is in Warsaw a young lady with a million of dowry!"

"A million of dowry!" cried all, touched indeed to the very marrow by this thrilling intelligence.

Krzywda was disconcerted by this enthusiasm. Once more his eyes made the round of the noses and foreheads of his companions. Something told him that he had committed a blunder, but it could not be helped. He had evidently some secret scheme in view, but this very scheme required him to utter the talismanic word.

The effect which his news had produced on his companions distressed and disturbed him, however, all the same. Hector knit his eye-brows as if he were ready to do martial battle for that million. Achilles furtively eyed Hector, recalling by his look the fate of unhappy Troy, when his namesake triumphed over the latter. The Cham-

berlain's son pursed up his mouth with pride, as though the million rightfully belonged to him. Master Cupbearer obviously protested against such an assumption, by caressing his neatly trimmed whiskers. Lesio Pilarva appeared not to aspire to the whole million, but to cherish a hope that something might accrue to him from it by dextrous management.

All this rendered Kubas ill at ease. He wished therefore to weaken the effect by his next words, which he was just then considering; but these words absolutely refused to occur to him.

His companions came, however, to his aid.

"A million of dowry!" they repeated in chorus; and their voices sounded as if they all were tenors.

"Yes, a million of dowry!" repeated the troubled Kubas. "But this million will only become a tangible million when you ascertain more about it from me, and when my information is complimented in the proper manner."

"And what do you know? What is it that you know? Speak, and quickly!" they impatiently demanded.

"I know only this much"—slowly drawled out Kubas—"that this—million—is in a garret!"

Having uttered the last word, Kubas searchingly eyed his companions. But their faces proved that poor Kubas had miscalculated again. The word "garret" not only failed to weaken the effect of the "million," but actually strengthened it. It made them all unusually curious, because it is easier to take a million from a garret than from a palace or a castle. Poor people can be more easily beguiled by a brilliant exterior; in a palace all are familiar with lordly pretensions.

"A million in a garret!" they shouted in chorus. "This is a rare adventure. It is a golden fleece after which not even Jason would have needed to cross the stormy waves of the sea! But how did that million get into the garret?"

Kubas was certainly put out by the

turn which things were taking. He now only thought how to arrange his story so that he should succeed in his private scheme without exciting an excessive appetite for the million among his dangerous friends.

In the presence of such observant adversaries, the one undertaking was as difficult as the other. Their faces confirmed this. Thoughtfulness was painted on each of them; it seemed as if every one of those present was already, in spirit, in that blessed garret, and captured its million at the first assault for himself, and to the discomfiture of his rivals.

Kubas secretly sighed, and perhaps for the first time in his life remembered that he was not so young as the others.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE REVELATION.

Kubas consented at last to relate the way in which he had heard about this million in the garret.

"I was passing"—said he, in an unsteady voice—"through the square of the Old Town. I had been incognito at Fucker's, where the lawyers, one of whom I wished to find, invigorate themselves for their trials with choice Hungarian. While crossing the square, I suddenly noticed an aged female, who stood before a huckster's stall, as if she wanted to buy something. The woman's face was homely enough, but her dress bore the traces of former rank. She looked like some impoverished patrician, who could not forget what she had been. This was expressed on her scowling countenance, long habituated to command. Near her stood a beauti—what am I saying?—a rather ordinary looking girl, who might have been her grandchild. Her face was—sufficiently common, even plain. Her eyes were—I do n't know what."

Kubas had plainly tired himself with these artful dodges. The perspiration

stood in drops on his forehead. After a pause, he resumed :

"As I gazed at her, one of the lawyers, returning from Fuker's, stepped up to me, and whispered in my ear: 'A million of dowry!' You will understand that such words are apt to turn one dizzy!"

"And after these words" — ironically remarked Achilles — "the young girl no doubt became as beautiful as a statue of Venus."

"And as wise and learned as Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher," added Hector.

"As to her beauty" — said Kubas — "it was not necessary to wait for this information to see that she is — not so very homely. But beautiful, in the true sense of the term, such a face could never be."

The Chamberlain's son clapped his hands, and exclaimed with the smile of a man of the world —

"This matter turns out admirably! A million of dowry; a plain girl; and a grandmother in a garret! Nothing is easier than to secure a million with a plain girl. It would be different if she were beautiful. As it is, my friends" —

Kubas seemed more and more alarmed at this unlooked-for view of the situation. He was angry with himself for having so imprudently made up his story. With a reckless movement of the hand, he exposed his hidden baldness, and quickly retorted —

"The girl is not at all plain. In a certain sense she might even pass for handsome."

"It matters little whether handsome or homely, intelligent or silly. But the million — how about the million?" demanded all.

"It is now for you" — remarked Kubas, with a mingled look of alarm and defiance on his face — "to discover that million by your acquaintances among our rich countrymen. To me, it seems that the lawyer was only joking."

"What is the name of that inestim-

able grandmother, with the pretty million? and where does she live?" asked the Chamberlain's son.

"She lives in a garret, on the corner of Rymarski street and Leszno; her name is Mirska, the Chamberlain's widow."

"Mirska, the Chamberlain's widow!" repeated all, and gazed at each other with questioning looks. A profound silence fell on the room. The malicious cupid with the drawn bow seemed to laugh at the whole party. The mischief-maker discharged several invisible golden arrows, but none betrayed that they had hit the mark.

"The Chamberlain Mirski's widow!" resumed the Chamberlain's son, after a long pause, a strange light shining in his eyes. "The Mirskis are in a manner related to us, on the mother's side. My sainted grandmother was a Mirska." Assuming, however, an indifferent air, he added, with an ironical smile: "But as regards the million, my dear Kubas, the lawyer must most assuredly have joked with you. The late Chamberlain, Mirski, had, no doubt, a considerable fortune, but he dissipated the whole of it. He was one of those high livers who spend all they are worth. His wife, an eccentric person, never had much dowry, as was seen after her husband's death, when she withdrew entirely from her old acquaintances, and buried herself in some farm house in the Lithuanian wilds."

Master Cupbearer had closely watched the face of the speaker, as if to convince himself whether the Chamberlain's son spoke the truth. The skeptical smile which played round his mouth betrayed that he mistrusted him. He, however, also put on a careless and indifferent mien. Listlessly dallying with his watch chain, he remarked:

"I believe in a variety of human eccentricities; but when a girl who has a million of dowry is to be disposed of, I cannot admit of an eccentricity like this. A million is a handsome sum, and not to be hidden under a bushel;



but rather to be set in gold, that it may attract another million to itself. This is the aim of the most niggardly mothers, aunts, and grandmothers. As regards this same Chamberlain's widow, I know so much that, if there ever was any fortune, it disappeared during the life-time of the late Chamberlain."

Hector, also pretending to believe all he heard and saw, looked first at the one, then at the other. Over his face, too, flitted momentarily a more animated expression; but he replaced it, with an effort, by one of repose and indifference.

At that moment this trio resembled skilful gamblers, who hold good cards, but try to conceal the fact from each other. From the same innate antagonism, Achilles suspiciously eyed Hector; while Lesio, in this instance more sincere than the rest, widely opened his mouth with undisguised curiosity.

"The Mirskis are related to us also," said Hector, after a while; "but we have never acknowledged it. It is no small bother to associate with Lithuanians. They talk scandalously, and are either so original or unpolished that one is often ashamed of such cousinship. The Chamberlain's widow never had anything like a fortune; and if she now lives in a garret, this is to me only another reason why I should know nothing of her."

"Do you imagine that a million is to be shaken out of one's sleeve?" observed Achilles. "The great fortunes are to-day ruined, and that which glitters is sham gold, humbug! The lawyer had, no doubt, drank too much Hungarian wine, and added a few naughts."

Lesio, too, wanted to let something out of his open mouth, but Kubas interfered. He had watched the speakers, and listened to them with unusual attention. His bulbous eyes had wandered from nose to nose. They had betrayed uneasiness, and a certain incredulity. He now sought to compose his features, but fatally failed in it. To-day his full, red, shining cheeks were

somehow so sensitive to every inner emotion that they stenographed, with emendations and additions, his most secret thoughts and flitting visions with the scrupulousness of a parliamentary reporter.

"This is the very reason why I did not believe the lawyer," he said, after some reflection; "for the whole business appeared to me rather improbable. I mentioned it, however, to you, like a true friend, and expect that you will be so grateful as to share also with me what you may ascertain further about the affair. From curiosity alone it will pay sometimes to talk about it, though no importance is to be attached to this singular story."

Regarding the subject as exhausted, all ceased to speak of it. When several prepared to depart, the Chamberlain's son asked:

"What is your programme for the morrow? Perhaps we could meet here again for another chat at noon?"

"I testify beforehand," said Master Cupbearer, "that I shall not be able to attend. To-morrow I have business in Court, and in the afternoon—"

"Like every Friday, to-morrow is an unlucky day with me," remarked Hector, "and I stay, therefore, at home."

"To-morrow I am called into the country," exclaimed Achilles.

"And I have an appointment with my lawyer," added Kubas, casting his eyes to the ground.

There remained only Lesio, who said nothing, for the majority had already declined to meet on the morrow.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE VISIT TO THE GARRET.

In some strange, inexplicable way, all met the next day at the hour of noon, near the theatre. There was to be no performance on that day, nor had any of them acquaintances in that quarter of the city. They saw each other, and reflected for an instant what to say: for this was the time when the one should have been in Court; the

second, whose unlucky day it was, at home by the stove; the third, in the country; and the fourth, in consultation with his lawyer. Instead of this, somehow or other, all of them encountered each other there in succession.

"Whither are you hastening, Hector?" inquired the Chamberlain's son, with an ironical smile; "and so dressed up, as though this was to you not an unlucky day, but rather one of great happiness?"

"Just fancy, I received a pressing call," replied Hector, "from an uncle, who has suddenly arrived in town. And where are you speeding to?"

"I am precisely in the same situation as yourself, my dear Hector," retorted the Chamberlain's son, with a significant smile; "only with this difference: that this is not an unlucky day with me, and that my aunt, not my uncle, has suddenly arrived."

Both smiled, embraced, and went different ways; the one to the right, the other to the left.

After a few minutes Hector encountered Master Cupbearer, who was hurrying along at a telling pace.

"Ah, my dear Master Cupbearer! so you are not in Court?" cried Hector; "and yet this is the hour of the sitting—"

"O, these accursed lawyers! I am hunting mine," coolly replied Master Cupbearer. "But where are you going so fast?"

Hector gave him the same explanation which he had already given to the Chamberlain's son; and then repeated the story once more to Achilles, against whom he ran in the next street.

After these chance encounters, it seemed that the friends would disperse all over the city, and that they could meet no more during the day. One went west, the second east, the third south, and the fourth north.

Three minutes afterwards a closed hack turned into Rymerski street. It gradually slackened its pace, and then drew up in front of the first brick house on Leszno. A head, elaborately dress-

ed, leaned out of the carriage and inspected the house. After a brief conference with the driver, some one sprang out, and rapidly disappeared in the vestibule. It was Hector. Drawing his shiny hat over his eyes, and concealing his face under a long cloak with a short collar, he paced irresolutely up and down the hall. Finding no one there, he cautiously ascended the stairway. The house was old and dark, the stairs irregular and dangerous to neck and limb. Hector reached the first floor above with great difficulty. He looked about him, but not a living creature was to be seen. At last he heard some footsteps in the gallery. On the threshold appeared a servant girl, going after water.

"Does Lady Mirska, the Chamberlain's widow, live here?" asked Hector, lowering his voice.

"A Chamberlain's widow!" replied the surprised girl. "How should a Chamberlain's widow come here?"

"She is said to live in the garret; she has a granddaughter with her; the old lady must be some seventy years old."

The girl roguishly smiled, showed Hector a row of white teeth, and said:

"There is a lady with a handsome girl living up in the garret. But who knows whether it is her granddaughter, or what? Nor are they such grand folks. The old lady carries home her own marketing, and keeps only an out-door servant."

Hector considered a moment. The poverty of the Chamberlain's widow loomed up before him like an ominous spectre. He had really heard some odd things about her. He knew that she had lived in the depths of Lithuania; that the deceased Chamberlain had dissipated his fortune. It might, therefore, easily be that his widow was entirely ruined, and had now come to the city to ask help from her kindred.

This dreadful thought suggested immediate departure. It might be unsafe to acknowledge the relationship of a poor woman, who was apt to seek alms

in those *salons* where he shone with a reputed fortune.

Considering this, he determined to refrain from the intended visit. Examples of the sudden impoverishment of people, wealthy by birth, were at that period common in Poland. The last catastrophies, years of reckless extravagance, had reduced many families to beggary. These were the logical fruits of the changes in the social and political condition.

All this tended to induce Hector to withdraw from the contemplated step. The worse the stairs on which he stumbled in the dark became, the more unlikely seemed to him the million in the garret. By the servant girl's account, it was a downright myth.

Hector thanked his stars for having been warned in season. He also thanked the pretty servant of the white teeth, and had already taken some steps into the dark gulf, when he suddenly heard the Chamberlain's son below.

The Chamberlain's son inquired, in a loud voice, of some one in the entry, whether Mrs. Mirska resided there?

Hector was almost beside himself. What was now to be done? Should he meet the Chamberlain's son face to face? But what was he in such case to say? How endure his scoffing smile? Was he to confess to a lie?

Such were the questions which ran in the twinkling of an eye through Hector's whirling brain. Perhaps never before had he felt so completely helpless. At that instant he could not bring himself to meet the eye of his friend.

But there was no time left for deliberation; already the footsteps of the Chamberlain's son resounded on the stairway. Happen what might, Hector did not want to be seen. There was no hiding-place on the first floor. The girl had not yet left the passage. He decided to mount to the second floor and find concealment there. On the second floor happened just then to be a young fellow with a pert countenance,

who was beating the dust out of a great coat. Nothing remained for Hector but to climb up to the garret, and, hit or miss, wait there on the stairs for an idea of what to do next.

If it was twilight on the first and second floors, here it was pitch dark night. At the very first step Hector crushed his hat, and at the next his nose struck against a projecting beam. The expedition in quest of the million began to assume tragic dimensions; but retreat had become impossible. He heard the footsteps of the Chamberlain's son behind him, and, in addition, a third voice below, which sounded exactly like that of Master Cupbearer.

Hector determined to turn his desperate situation to some advantage. It was as dark as it could well be; he could, therefore, safely hide and wait further developments. Luckily he discovered a kind of passage, and there he stood still.

The Chamberlain's son seemed to be pursued by the same fatality. It is very possible that he, too, had concluded it better to abandon the adventurous expedition in search of the million, but a spiteful fate barred his retreat also. He heard Master Cupbearer behind him.

By some sympathetic affinity, his thoughts went through the same process as those of Hector, and both entered together the passage under the roof-sill, which was festooned with the cobwebs of many ages. To avoid discovery, Hector tried to get out of the way, and pressed closer to the roof, where he suddenly touched some soft, warm substance. In mortal terror, hardly daring to breathe, he shrank back. The Chamberlain's son ranged himself close by his side.

After a few minutes the party was increased by Master Cupbearer. Neither Hector nor the Chamberlain's son could surmise what chance led him there—whether he had heard the footsteps of Achilles, or those of Lesio, behind him.

Now followed an agitating scene.

From some room on the other side of a door came the ensuing conversation :

"Worshipful lady!" said a female voice, "something is stirring out there in the passage. Thieves, no doubt!"

"Thieves?" replied a stern voice; "and what should thieves want with poor people? Light the resin and look."

It was a terrible moment for the concealed. In a few moments a door opened, and the hand of a woman holding a light showed itself: then appeared a nose, after the nose a yellow forehead, shining like marble, and a pair of hollow eyes.

"Jesu! Maria! Joseph!" came in successive shrieks from the door. "Four thieves! Help—thieves!"

Here the burning resin dropped on the ground, the door was banged to, and darkness enveloped all.

Hector felt the warm substance near him draw back, and then something rushed down the stairway. Master Cupbearer rushed after it, the Chamberlain's son rushed after Master Cupbearer, and Hector sneaked off last.

In the doorway of the opposite house stood Lesio, and saw them, one after another, drop out of the vestibule, covered with dust and cobwebs. Achilles walked past in the street, and merely reconnoitred.

Strange thoughts passed through Lesio's head. The ancestors of all these persons had also gained millions, but they won them with arms in their hands, while their descendants only made raids on a million of dowry in some garret. Had the times changed, or the people degenerated?

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE OCCUPANTS OF THE GARRET.

While the heroes of the expedition in quest of the million, in the blissful hope that none of them had been recognized by the others, made for the city by different routes, a decision of great importance to the future was come at in the mysterious garret.

This mysterious garret had nothing so remarkable about it. It consisted of four small rooms and a small kitchen adjoining. The first room served its inmates for a parlor. It was called thus, because used neither for sleeping nor cooking. The furniture had nothing of the parlor about it. A small sofa of faded red merino, six chairs covered with the same material, two tables, a harpsichord, and several flower vases, were all it contained. On the walls hung some old paintings, of whose precise merits only a connoisseur could give an opinion. Among them were several small, new pictures, drawn in India ink, or sepia, which looked like the studies of some amateur.

From this room a door opened on the right into a small closet, in which stood two beds. On the left was a room apparently intended for a wardrobe; behind a screen stood a modest bed, probably a dependant's.

In the first room sat a matron with a stern face, already far advanced in years. This was the widow of the Chamberlain herself. Near by, a young person with small features was drawing on paper with a pencil. The third person, an elderly woman, sat spinning near the stove. The spindle turned in her practised fingers, and the threads which she unravelled were fine as cobwebs. The spinner's countenance was deeply lined with wrinkles, but her eyes expressed goodness of heart.

The Chamberlain's widow read something in a book. She was an aged woman, probably past seventy. The face was long, and its features sharp; the nose large and peaked. Her wide mouth, and eyebrows raised up in a broken arch, caused her to resemble the ideal of a respectable prison matron. With such exterior qualifications, it is not strange that the late Chamberlain should have torn himself as soon as practicable away from this earthly prison. Yet those who had known his widow nearer were of the opinion that the late Chamberlain had no

reason to nasten his journey beyond the grave, as it was by no means a safe one; while the wife possessed so much good sense, and even such winning manners, that he might comfortably have stayed some twenty years longer on earth, in spite of all his sins, to which the sensible woman had always been very indulgent.

The old lady had been very much altered by long years of widowhood. She had buried herself somewhere in the wilds of Lithuania, and almost become a savage. She explained her retirement from the world on the ground of loss of fortune and the debts left by her husband. During thirty years she had farmed with overseers and land-stewards under her. A life like this could not affect her appearance advantageously. Her dress generally represented two ages: the remains of the ancient splendor of the court of Stanislaus, with the newly introduced fashions which generally reached Lithuania in a caricatured state.

The property left on the husband's death was a veritable riddle to the entire neighborhood. Beyond the bounds of her estate, she was seen and visited by none. The most contradictory stories were in circulation about her. It was said that in times of the great summer heat she walked naked in the garden; that she milked the cows herself; that she carried the litter out of the stables; that she served out spirits to her own peasants; and that she spent the long winter evenings spinning, or plucking geese-feathers. And this petty news escaped from the house in some miraculous manner, for there was no precedent of a male or female servant who had ever entered the accursed place and left its service to betray these secrets to the neighborhood.

Seclusion, as well as the habit of daily issuing orders to an extensive household, were plainly portrayed in her features. Hers was a careworn countenance, and its forehead always knit. Her look was a command, her voice was commanding, and there

was something commanding even in the smile which rarely visited her lips.

Complaining of debts, poverty, and misery, she had, within the last year, sold the estate and driven to Warsaw in a modest wagon, with her only grandchild, whose mother was dead, and whose father had perished somewhere in the legions.

So much, more or less, was known about the Chamberlain Mirski's widow. At the present period hardly anybody knew her in Warsaw.

The old lady's grand-daughter, who was at this instant drawing on paper with the pencil, was a girl of singular beauty. She might have been nineteen years of age. She had a white, oval face, her large black eyes looking upon the world with a sort of constant shrinking, as if they felt that it could never give her all that the dreaming soul behind them imagined: a little mouth, like the bud of an unopened rose, clearly inclined to form itself into a smile, but which smile something always frightened away, and would not suffer to unfold. Instead of the smile, there often came over this young mouth something bitter, painful, like a presentiment that it would once have much to suffer, much to weep for.

All these sad signs of future pain and trouble were overborne by youth and health which gushed in all their abundance over the lovely face; and this face was enshrined in the most lovely light blonde hair, which could only there be found in its full glory. This hair fell in natural ringlets over the temples and white throat, and made her face like one of those with which Raphael's angels look down from heaven on earth.

The spinner seated by the stove was an humble companion, and represented the whole suite of the Chamberlain's wife.

This was the interior view of the garret, when the spinner suddenly heard a rustling on the other side of the door.

*W. P. Morris.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW WE WENT CAMPING IN COLORADO.

FOR three days the rain poured—a thing almost unknown in the little parks that intersperse the foot hills. At first it came like a fine white mist, about the highest peaks of the neighboring hills. The garden at Glencove had become parched and dried, almost beyond hope. First we watered, then we irrigated; numberless little streams of cold spring water wandered about the roots of the newly-laid turf and hot-house plants of eastern growth. But one flower after another languished and died, under our very eyes; the mid-day sun of Colorado sapped up their fragile little lives. Passengers from the passing coach looked pityingly, rather than admiringly, now at our dying grass and yellowing spruces. Unless nature lent us a helping hand, we must give up the battle; but the clouds, which so many times before had gathered only to disappear, now settled darker and darker over Glencove, and when the rain began to come it lasted three whole days. In the mean time we could not go camping.

The packed boxes, guns, and fishing tackle stood ready in the passage. The male portion of the household patiently smoked its pipe, and looked out at the rain; while the females bustled about, chattered, and tried experiments as to how they would look without their back hair. When the up coach rattled by and threw out the mail, the monotony of the day was broken. The household gathered about the open door. Herman dropped his pipe and made a swoop out into the rain for the prize. Back he came radiant, hands full, but behind him, with the rain streaming in little rills from the edge of his wide felt hat.

"Two for Constance, one for mother, three for Laura—none for you, dear," to his wife, who leaned expectant against the window-frame—"none for you," with a little gratified smile

that she belonged so exclusively to himself that her friends were neglecting to make even that small claim to her: but they were newly married.

"Halloo, girls!" said Herman, swinging his own letter, which he had not shown until he had read it; "halloo, Conny! Con!" They had retreated to their bed-rooms. "Here's good news. What will you give for a beau?"

Constance, who did not like camping, put her head out of the door with, "Nonsense! Is it anybody—really?"

"Anybody! I should say he was. It is my old classmate, Phil Orr. He writes from Denver, and will drive up here to-morrow."

"Whom did he say?" asked Laura, from the interior.

"Mr. Philip Orr, a classmate of Herman's; better than nobody, perhaps," and Miss Constance, who shone at the Ducal ball, and queened it at Georgetown and Central hop, curled herself up on the bed, and reached lazily out for the novel which lay open beside her.

"Philip Orr!" exclaimed Laura.

"Do you know him, then?"

"Yes—that is, I suppose so. Nobody knows much of him; but his married sister is my familiar at home." And then Laura detailed his eccentricities.

We awoke bright and early; it had cleared off charmingly. The garden looked as fresh and green as the best-kept grounds in the States. The white lilies hung their graceful heads and scented the sweet mountain air. After all, art is but a poor substitute for nature; had we dug our garden all over with little ditches and fairly emptied the spring with our watering pots, we never could have given our flowers so delightful a shower bath! If you want to "realize" the situation, as we Americans say, wait until you have tried to make a garden in Colorado. Begin



when the snow is on the ground, if the season be late like the last; gently sprinkle your grass seed, which is to make your future lawn, over the white, glistening surface — whispering innocent, and perhaps not irreverent, prayers that it may take root, and so *ad* like the proper Eastern grass it is. Some will doubtless fall on good ground; but surely some will fall in stony places, where there is not much earth, and only time can predict what may be brought forth. The new-born blade must be wetted with something beside the dews of heaven, if you would have it flourish. Little rills must meander through its borders, and the watering pot must nightly fill itself to the brim. When you are convinced that your infant lawn is sprinkled, here and there, with unsightly spots of bare earth, you have only to go to the neighboring hillside and transfer the treasures of its not too velvety turf to your own door-yard. How you can patch the two fabrics together and make them look like one piece, practice alone will teach you; but patience and perseverance are sure to be rewarded — we have proved it.

The interior of Glencove Cottage would have been a pretty affair, even in a Boston suburb; as tasteful and cozy as pictures, books, knick-knacks, and upholstery could make it. But, dropped apparently at random amid the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, to the untutored eyes of the frontiersmen it looked a very Aladdin's palace. Our neighbors on the nearest ranches were slow about calling; but those who did come gave it out that we kept a picture gallery!

Herman was so confident that Mr. Orr would be only too glad to join our camping party, that we decided to wait breakfast for him, and start immediately after. The silver, china, and damask never looked more dainty, and glasses of fresh flowers gave a festive appearance to the table. We rather anticipated the new comer's surprise; but if he opened any eyes of wonder it must have been his mental ones.

When the meal was over and everybody at liberty to disperse, the ladies felt a sudden consciousness of abbreviated drapery, and a certain lightness of head occasioned by the absence of chignon.

There were the rockaway, the wagon, and Mr. Orr's buggy, besides the saddle horses.

"Who will go with Mr. Orr?" asked Herman, from out of doors, "Will you, Mother?"

But Mother had an especial partiality for the back seat of the rockaway; nor was it strange, as she brought it from the States with her.

"Will you, Laura, or Conny?"

Laura had already taken possession of the other half of the back seat; so Miss Constance, perforce, was assisted into Mr. Orr's buggy, and the day, to her, was lightened.

Mr. Montgomery — for Herman had another name besides that bestowed by his sponsors — drove the carriage. Mary, his wife, sat beside him; his mother and Laura — Miss Wade, a visitor from Boston — filled the inside; but outside were strapped numerous blankets, tents, and knapsacks. The wagon brought up the rear of the procession, containing more camping utensils, and Mr. Wilton Walsh and wife, who worked the Montgomery estate on shares. Miss Constance Hill, who drove on in the buggy, should have been presented as young Mrs. Montgomery's sister.

And now that the formalities are over, we will proceed on our journey. The Georgetown road was a series of upward and downward progressions. A succession of fenced ranches line the highway, for most of the land here is "taken," and frequent log cabins peer out from between the evergreens. About noon we left the coach line and turned a little west, toward Bear creek. Every turn brought fresh glimpses of blue distant hills, with the white caps of the snowy range beyond. The cloud shadows on the mountains shifted and changed every moment, and the warm

sunshine flaked the shining foliage with gold. The sharp shadows of high noon lay like silhouettes along our pathway, while the tender blue of an August sky hung above us. In such an atmosphere existence itself becomes a luxury.

We had exhausted ourselves with exclamations of wonder and delight, and sat, rocked in a calm content, with an occasional, "Oh, Laura, Laura! do you see the lovely light on that hillside?" and "Mary, *do* look at that silver spruce!" Up, up, we went, to the top of some rugged mountain, every nerve of horse-flesh panting and quivering; then, on with the brakes, and down again. Either mother was timid, or else she wished to relieve the horses of some odd pounds weight; at any rate, she would get out and walk; but at the foot of the hill she came back, laden with pieces of moss-grown rock and bits of red sandstone. Mother was addicted to geology, and one of the works of Hugh Miller might usually be found in her work basket.

Laura persisted in littering the carriage with flowers, and begged to stop for every new specimen, although she and Mary had not more than one idea on the subject of botany between them.

"Oh, those lovely, lovely harebells, and that pure white mountain lily! What *do* you suppose it is, with those grass-like leaves and long graceful stem?" And Laura leans back, in a flutter of delighted interest, to count the petals, and peer in between the cluster of yellow stamens; but she is only playing at botany — she thinks it altogether too pretty to be pulled to pieces.

"Oh, you must paint them!" exclaims Mary.

"Why didn't we bring our water-colors?" says Laura, in accents of despair.

"Could we bring everything, my dear?" says practical Mary. "Besides, you silly thing, we never could sit quietly and work up a water-color in camp."

Mary was experienced, and had lived a whole year in Colorado.

It was near night when we reached Cub creek, a tributary of Bear creek, which, in its winding course, we had several times crossed. Here we decided to camp for the night, and try the next morning what fishing we could find. When the three tents were pitched and the camp-fire lighted, with a semi-circle of vehicles about us, we felt quite like a settlement.

Mr. Orr, though apparently not much of a carpet-knight, made himself quite useful.

"Now, what are you going to do?" asked Laura, when she saw him shoulder a spade and start toward the ladies' tent.

"Oh, I thought I would dig a little," he replied, choosing a spot, perhaps a foot from the canvas.

"For ore, do you mean?" half playfully, half puzzled.

"For buried treasure — yes."

And he went on digging. Laura watched him in silence.

"Let me try," she said, at last.

He put the spade into her hands. She took it awkwardly, and tried to push it into the hard turf. In his hands, it seemed to cut like a knife; in hers, it became a dull, useless implement.

"Put your foot on it and press down — so," he explained.

"Oh, yes; how stupid in me; now I can do it. How deep shall I dig, Mr. Orr?"

He stood lazily, with his hands in the pockets of his loose coat.

"Let your ambition decide, if you are digging for gold."

He had taken out a cigar and was feeling in his pocket for matches, while a provoking kind of smile played around the corners of his mouth. Laura gave him a little sharp look; then she threw up two or three more pieces of turf.

"Do n't let me monopolize your plaything," she said, letting the spade fall, and pretending to look for blisters on her hands as she walked away.

"What a boor that man is!" she muttered to herself, as she joined Constance, and strolled up the creek.

"He is not so bad, after all," remarked that young lady. "Of course, he is not much of a flirt; but anything is better than nothing, here."

The sun had gone down behind the hills in all the glory of a Colorado sunset. There was a little fall somewhere above, in the creek, and in the stillness the water seemed to rush over with a great deal of sound. On the other side, among the thickly-growing evergreens, it looked dark and mysterious. The girls thought that they would like to go over. Laura was fond of taking the lead, and being rather small and slight, liked to fancy herself strong, capable, and courageous.

"Come on, Conny," she said. "I see some stones which we can walk over on—that is, if we step pretty gingerly. This way; I'll take the lead."

She took two or three steps, Constance following; tottered a little, caught at the decayed limb of a dead tree; snap, it went, and Laura found herself lying at full length in that clear delicious water, "almost as cold as ice water," as she had enthusiastically asserted a half hour previous. Two slight screams broke the stillness, and a knight-errant appeared in the person of Mr. Walsh, who had been to picket the horses. Laura had picked herself up, and, with Constance's help, wrung out the clinging drapery; nor could she be induced to give up her project of crossing to the other side, in the face of Mr. Walsh's advice and Constance's entreaties. Mr. Walsh was sufficiently experienced to know that when a woman wills she will, so he took her hand and helped her over, and went back for Constance. Laura, a damp, moist, unpleasant body, seated herself on a rock.

"Now," she said solemnly, as the two approached; "will you promise not to tell—on your honor, Mr. Walsh—not even your wife?" And she

looked up at him with great, earnest eyes. He felt half inclined to laugh and make a joke of it; but was not quite sure that it would be proper.

"Not even to my wife," he said, and instinctively he lifted his cap to the young lady. As he stood bareheaded, leaning a little forward, showing a clear cut profile, with masses of blonde hair curling about his forehead, Laura forgot everything in the picturesqueness of the attitude.

"Mr. Walsh," she said, with a keen artist glance into his face; "I wish you would *pose* for me."

The blood rushed into his sunburnt cheeks; certainly, he would do that, or anything she pleased.

"Conny, you have not promised," she persisted.

"Where's the use? They will see for themselves."

"Leave that to me. Will you, or will you not?" This time with dignity.

"I promise, of course."

Constance had a waterproof on her arm; it was long and large. It covered Laura from head to foot; she buttoned it carefully up and drew the hood over her head.

"There!" she said; but this little word expressed everything.

"Now I want to ask you to do something for me," said Mr. Walsh, putting his hand into his pocket, hesitatingly.

"Consider it granted," said Laura, graciously.

He produced a flask.

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

"You know you might get cold," he argued.

She was already shivering.

"Well, how much? One, two, three swallows! There, will that do? How it burns!"

Laura's disguise was successful; no one suspected her misadventure, and she doubtless believes that Mr. Walsh and Constance have kept her secret until now.

Our tents were pitched on slightly sloping ground; and let us here advise

all inexperienced campers to rather choose a level spot, for one does not entirely lose the impression, even in sleep, that one is lying on an inclined plane, and may easily slide off. First, we placed a thin hair mattress on the grass, and over it we spread blankets of various colors and textures. In the ladies' tent, each individual was furnished with a pillow, which, we confess, was rather luxurious for campers. The opening of the tent was drawn together with strings, and just inside was placed a rubber blanket as a protection against possible rain; on which Nero, the dog, curled himself up as guard.

When the ladies disappeared for the night, the novelty of the situation kept them awake, and a great deal of laughing and chattering ensued. In the lull of the talk something came patter, pattering on the canvas. It was rain; faster and faster it fell, and soon we could hear it pouring in small cataracts from the corners of the tent. Then the wind whistled among the branches of the great trees above us, and shook the slim poles that supported our frail shelter until they fairly bent. We felt a little as the man must have done who built his house on the sand, when the rain descended and the flood came and beat upon that house; but though our house rocked and shook in an alarming manner, it did not fall. The poles had been securely driven into the ground, and from the tops of each ropes had been attached to the neighboring trees. Not a drop of rain penetrated our shelter. A delicious feeling of safety and rest followed, and then we dropped off into unconsciousness.

The next day began as the last ended—with a sound of chatter and laughing in what Herman designated the "harem"—the large tent.

"When shall we get up?" said Mary, who was an active little body.

"Never!" answered a lazy voice somewhere, from under the folds of a red blanket. The voice was Laura's. At that moment the sound of drum-

ming on a tin pan was heard, and Herman's voice called:

"Twenty minutes for breakfast!"

Mrs. Walsh, Herman, and Mr. Orr were busy over the camp fire, and there seemed to be a great deal of hissing, boiling, and frying going on. It was certainly a picturesque way of cooking breakfast, and Mary and Laura, the artists of the party, looked on and complimented the performers.

Breakfast was served from the top of the opened camp box—a wooden box made expressly for camping purposes, and furnished with drawers and compartments. This table was covered with snowy linen and adorned with silver forks and spoons. Mother occupied the camp-chair, and the rest seated themselves on blankets and shawls—for it was still a little damp—and allowed themselves to be waited upon by the cooks. Laura held a tin cup in her hand, and seemed to be looking into it with a puzzled air.

"Is anything wrong with it?" asked Herman, who had made the coffee.

"With the coffee? No. I was only wondering why the rain did n't come under the tent."

"What a goose!" laughed Mary.

"We dug a ditch last night, did n't we, Miss Laura?" suggested Mr. Orr, with his quiet smile.

"So we did! Would n't it have been just as well if somebody had told us what we were digging it for?"

There are a few people who are fond enough of a joke to even enjoy one on themselves; but Laura was not one of them.

The day was spent in a variety of pleasant ways. When night came we gathered around the blazing camp fire with our spoils. The gentlemen exhibited a few grouse and some rather small trout; Mary and Laura, sketches of the tent, the mountains, and of each other. Constance had finished her novel, and Mother had climbed so high that she was quite exhausted; but she had brought back some new geological specimens and, though tired,

was happy. Mrs. Walsh astonished us all with a pail of nice red raspberries, which were quickly transformed into a delicious berry shortcake, baked in a kettle over the coals.

The next morning we broke up camp, and again took the line of march; this time with Laura and Constance in the saddle. Over their short walking dresses of plaid flannel they wore long riding skirts of the same, with wide straw hats tied down over the ears. Though not very picturesque, it was an exceedingly comfortable costume. The flannel was too strong to tear easily, too dark to soil, and warm enough to obviate the constant necessity of wraps. A strong pair of boots, gauntlet gloves, and a leather belt with a tin cup attached, completed the outfit.

A grand panorama seemed to shift and change before our delighted eyes; but with a richness of color, a grandeur of outline, beyond imitation. In our wandering course about the base of a mountain range, we saw a number of little parks. Covered with a soft carpet of light green grass, and studded here and there with groups of silver spruces, tall pines, and clusters of low-growing junipers, they seemed to combine every shade of conceivable green. Watered by some little stream that trickled down the rocks of yonder mountain side, and hemmed in on every hand by high sheltering hills with lofty summits, they seemed, looking down some hundreds of feet below us, like little bits of paradise let down from the skies.

At such a place we stopped at sunset. The girls enthusiastically declared that they would gladly stop forever. They clinked their tin cups together, and drank each other's health in the cool spring water, gladly throwing themselves on the grass to rest after their long ride. The sun sank early behind the hills, and left the little valley in shadow. It grew damp and chilly, and we gathered about the camp fire for light and warmth. The fire

was built at the foot of a group of tall pines, the only large trees in the park. The lower limbs were, as they are apt to be, leafless and dead, and, like dark scraggy arms, seemed to point toward the mysteries of the woody mountain side. The moon rose clear and brilliant, and flooded the valley with light. It is quite possible to read by Colorado moonlight. Constance brought out her novel and read a passage aloud to prove it. Mary and Laura, not to be outdone, produced their drawing materials and made a sketch of the group; the shadows were black and sharp, they could easily be outlined and left to be worked up to-morrow. As we grew enthusiastic over their success, they grew ambitious and attempted more and more. Laura's figure of Mr. Walsh, resting on his elbow as he lay on the grass by the fire, would have been recognized by anybody; and Mary's drawing of Herman in his wide felt hat, with Nero lying at his feet, was pronounced perfect.

Laura begged for a story.

"Do, Herman," she said, "tell some of your adventures; it is just the time for a story."

Mary said that Herman's stories were all old, and always about Indians. Would n't Mr. Orr entertain them with something about army life? (he had been major of volunteers.)

Mr. Orr took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to assure her that he never indulged in story-telling; and Constance smiled at him from across the fire, and said softly that she was sure that he was not so much a man of words as man of deeds.

Herman felt himself a little snubbed; but Mother and Laura persisted, until he began:

"Well, I will tell something that Mary never objects to. One year when King and I were out here hunting — it must have been the year '59, because it was before the war. You remember King, Mother? He came to Massachusetts with me the spring our regiment left for the front. Well, it was

winter time, and we were living in a cabin somewhere in southern Colorado. Provisions were getting a little scarce with us, as everything but game had to be packed on mules a long distance. Indians were pretty frequent visitors at the cabin; an Indian is fonder of a good meal, perhaps, than any other man or animal. Many of them are lazy, so lazy that they will not hunt; and what the squaws do not provide, they will beg or steal from their more industrious neighbors.

"One of the most shiftless of the race had hung about our cabin all the season; we fed him, and like a dog he come back to be fed again. We gave him a gun and ammunition, hoping to induce him to provide for himself and his family; but to no purpose. He managed to break the gun, and, like a bad penny, was back on our hands again. King was away. Our noble red man came one morning, showed the broken pieces of his gun, and begged for food."

"Do you think he broke it on purpose, Herman?" asked Constance.

"I do, indeed. It was easier to eat of our game than to kill for himself; and he knew that King had gone deer-stalking. I was a little under the weather myself, and was keeping in doors. Well, I kept him all day, and as it stormed that night I gave him a blanket and he slept on the cabin floor. In the morning, I sent him off with a full stomach. Towards night King returned with his pony laden with venison; we had hardly begun our preparations for supper, when in walked our unwelcome guest. He was cold; he was hungry; we warmed and fed him."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," quoted Laura.

"Yes, we surely carried out the Scriptural injunction that time. But when he again begged for a blanket on the floor, we told him that we could not harbor him longer; that he must go home to his squaw and his pap-poes. King took the matter in hand,

and admonished the culprit on his domestic duties in a manner that would have done credit to the bishop himself. But this noble specimen of a husband and father slunk into a corner, and sat on his haunches, hoping, now that King's tirade was over, that he would be forgotten or overlooked. But King was thoroughly determined to rid us of the nuisance. The noble savage was seized by the shoulder, and dragged from his shelter, and peremptorily told to march. He begged piteously to be allowed to remain until morning, as he was afraid of the wolves. And he was not afraid without cause. Wolves prowled about in packs every night, and nightly lulled us to sleep with their hideous cries. I saw a crafty look of humor come over King's swarthy face. He went to a side cupboard and produced a little bottle. 'Here,' he said, 'this will keep off the wolves. I will rub some on the soles of your moccasins, and that will drive them away; they can smell it miles off.' The Indian's keen black eyes opened wide with amazement and delight. The moccasins came off with alacrity. King took a dark, soft substance from the bottle, and smeared the soles from toe to heel, the Indian looking on with a sort of awe."

"What was it?" asked Constance.

"Would it really keep them off?" questioned Laura, breathlessly.

"It was *asafetida*, and wolves scent it as vultures do carrion."

"Horrible! horrible!" exclaimed a chorus of female voices. "How could you permit such a thing, Herman? I never would have believed you could be so cruel!"

But Mary sat by with a serene smile on her lips, having heard the story before. Herman resumed:

"The Indian, believing that one cannot have too much of a good thing, begged to have some of the precious medicine to carry with him. A portion was wrapped up in a paper, which he deposited in his bosom, and set out. It was a dark night. I looked after



him as his slouching figure disappeared in the darkness, and then looked at King; but we said nothing. Fifteen or twenty minutes passed in silence, when the stillness was broken by that familiar nightly cry; nearer and nearer it came; the howling grew louder and more distinct, and seemed to come from numberless throats; then echo took up the cry, and the whole hill-side rang with it. We sat perhaps for a half hour longer —

"Of course, long before that the poor fellow was eaten up," put in Laura. Herman went on:

"Though the cries continued in full force, they came no nearer. I was younger then than I am now —"

"Rather!" said Mary.

"And this silent listening began to tell on my nerves. 'King,' said I, springing to my feet and taking my gun, 'it's time to drive them off.' Now, an Indian climbs like a chipmunk; of course he was up a tree. We walked perhaps half a mile; it was a bitterly cold night, with just light enough to distinguish the grayish white backs of a large pack of wolves gathered about a tree, and all giving tongue in the most unearthly manner. We fired into them — mine was a six-barrelled rifle — pretty smartly. We killed some and drove off the rest. Our victim called to us feebly; he was alive, but so nearly frozen that he could not get down unaided. Fifteen minutes more would have finished him."

"Oh, Herman! think if you had let him die!" suggested Laura.

"Did you take him back with you?" asked Constance.

"We took him home, and dosed him with whisky; and he slept, as he had originally intended to do, with a blanket on the cabin floor. In the morning we sent him on his way; that was the last we ever saw of him."

The girls voted the story a success, and took Herman back into their good graces before they bade him good night.

Our trip to the mountains was partly

to visit Constance's claim, on which a log cabin had been erected and a little plowing had been done. Constance had decided to become a resident of Colorado for at least a year, and being of lawful age, and unmarried, determined to improve the time by pre-empting a piece of land up among the mountains. A romantic spot was selected, containing some eighty acres, including hill and valley, and a log cabin was put up to secure the claim. At the end of six months she was to pay for it at the rate of two dollars and a half per acre. To meet the requirements of the law, she was obliged to live in the house. As no specified time was mentioned, we proposed to go and spend a night or two, and lay plans for future improvements.

Bear tracks were discovered the next morning in the vicinity of camp. Considerable interest was aroused, perhaps not unmixed with fear on the part of the ladies. In the woods, not twenty rods back of the tent, Mr. Orr came upon a singular arrangement of logs, which Herman declared to be a bear-trap. He took the girls to see it, and when Mary and Laura had jotted it down in their sketch-books, and written "Bear Trap, Valley Park, August — 1872," they seemed perfectly satisfied that the thing had been "done." Herman tried in vain to make them comprehend how, if a bear approached from a certain point, and stepped on such a log, that a certain other log would be tilted from its place, and fall, closing the prisoner in.

Farther on, at some distance through the woods, lay a deep ravine. The rocks were piled high and bare on the nearer side; beyond lay the evergreen hills. Tall pines grew in the gulch between, through which rushed noisily a mountain stream. A purple mist shrouded the distance, through which gleamed the white caps of the Snowy Range. It was a wild spot; one could well fancy it a spot where man never before had trod — though it would be a mere fancy, anywhere in Colorado.

With many little cries—half of fear, half of delight—the girls were assisted to the top of the rocks.

"Now look down," said Herman.

Cries of "Oh—oh—oh! it almost makes me dizzy!" and "How lovely! how delightful!" were the response.

"Laura, you will surely fall! Sit down every one of you! Three women are more than I can look after at once;" and Herman stationed himself between the edge of the rocks and two of his charges, while he laid a hand on the third. Herman always felt responsible. They wanted very much to get over to the other side, but Herman declared it to be impracticable, as they would be obliged to cross one high mountain, and go a number of miles around the base of another; besides the trip must be made on horseback, and consume one day, and into the night; and last, but not least, Mother could not ride. This clinched the argument; nothing more was urged, though they sat on the rocks an hour, and looked with longing eyes over the impassable gulf which seemed so cruelly *fixed* between them and their desires.

On their way home, Herman got excited over some fresh deer tracks, and hurried on for his gun. After piloting them safely home, he exhorted them not to go into those woods alone, for nothing was easier, he said, than getting lost. With stealthy steps he disappeared among the trees, and the ladies were left to their own devices.

There are few pleasures, perhaps none, so dear to a woman as hunting is to the true sportsman. The dinner hour came and passed, but neither of the gentlemen put in an appearance. Mr. Orr, with Mr. Walsh, had followed the bear tracks immediately after breakfast. The ladies relapsed into feminine idleness. Mother actually took out her knitting, and the girls lounged about her camp-chair in various attitudes of lazy grace. Laura produced her "Songs of the Sierras"—the only book she had brought with her—and

read to them of Walker's band, until she discovered that the larger half of her audience were asleep. Mother nodded over her knitting, and Constance lay prone upon the grass. But Mary sat wide-eyed and interested, her hands clasped about her knees.

"Is n't that description perfect? so vivid and real! How does it go?"

"A face of blended pride and pain"?

"Read it again, Laura."

Laura read:

"A face of blended pride and pain;  
Of mingled pleading and disdain;  
With shades of glory and of grief;  
And Spanish spurs, with bells of steel,  
That dashed and dangled at the heel—  
The famous filibuster chief  
Stood by his tent, 'mid tall brown trees  
That top the fierce Cordilleras;  
With brown arm arched above his brow,  
Stood still—he stands a picture now—  
Long gazing down the sunset seas."

Laura's voice had hardly died away into that impressive silence which is so pleasant to both reader and hearer, when the clattering of horses' hoofs was faintly, though certainly heard. Two solitary horsemen appeared in the distance.

"Sister Anne, sister Anne!" cried Laura, in tragic accents. "Do you see any one coming yet?"

Constance opened her eyes, and sat up, wide awake and curious; her dreams had doubtless been chiefly day-dreams.

"Who can they be!" she exclaimed.

As they came nearer they slackened their pace, and looked curiously at our little encampment. Mother rose, and in her stately way advanced to meet them. She shook hands with one of the two men, and was introduced to the other. After some parley, they dismounted and approached us. Mother presented the elder man as Governor——, and the younger as Colonel something else. Governors are as thick in Colorado as chipmonks; and few men of lower rank than Colonel venture to appear at all. Mother invited them to lunch; she had met the Governor several times in Denver. Laura

proffered her services as cook, and Mary ran after her to help, leaving mother and Constance to do the agreeable. The Colonel was a dark, swarthy man, with a fierce mustache, and looked like a Mexican. One could imagine him a brigand, a hero, a villain, or anything else one pleased. He seated himself beside Constance with an attitude of devotion which was certainly picturesque, seen from the camp-fire. The water could not be made to boil—for the tea Mother promised them; the bits of wood burned and fell apart; the kettle tilted and slopped over; ashes and dust blew into it, and into the eyes of the cooks; they longed for the counsel of Mrs. Walsh, who had gone berrying. By the time lunch was spread upon the camp-box, the girls were heated, flushed, and a trifle cross; besides, the air is so light at that elevation, that even slight exertion quickens the breath. The gentlemen belonged to a party of campers farther down among the mountains, and had been sent on as scouts; they were on their way back and expected to reach camp before night. They had seen Constance's Lodge, as we termed the afore-mentioned eighty acres, and were enthusiastic about the loveliness of the spot. As we sat talking, Mrs. Walsh came galloping into camp, steadying with one hand a large tin bucket of raspberries, which hung from the horn of the saddle. She had always been a frontier woman, and sat her horse like a circus rider. She feared neither man nor beast, and, with a pistol in her belt and a dog at her heels, was ready to mount her charger and face the Apaches themselves. The Governor, though a heavy man, went gallantly forward to take the lady from her saddle; but, light as a feather, she was on her feet before he reached her. He shook her heartily by both hands—your governors are popular men.

"And you are—?" he hesitated for a name.

"Young Walsh's wife," she said.

"Yes, yes—saw you in Central—remember all about it."

The girls, tired after their domestic duties, did not join the social circle gathered under the trees; but Mary crept into the tent and stretched herself upon the blankets, yet within sound of the Colonel's monologue, which he was pouring into Constance's not unwilling ears.

Laura put her drawing block into her pocket, and stole away into the woods. She was sure that she knew the trail by which Herman took them that morning. She found one with the veritable deer tracks he had pointed out to them. It was cool and shady, and the air was filled with the pungent smell of the pines. The ascent was continuous and rapid. Laura paused frequently to take breath, but enjoyed the stillness and solitude—as perhaps only an eminently social person can—by contrast. She studied the lights and shadows on the foliage, plucked an occasional flower from the grass that overhung the narrow pathway, or stopped to jot down, with hasty stroke, some old tree trunk or gnarled and knotted limb. Before Laura reached the ravine, the goal she sought, she was so tired that she would gladly have lain down to rest; but on consulting her watch, she found that the afternoon was waning, and that if she meant to sketch the rocks where they sat in the morning, and return before dark, she had no time to lose. By and by she emerged from the woods into a little park, which looked as if it might have been fitted up for private grounds, so perfect was the natural grouping of the trees and shrubbery. This was a spot which they had not seen in the morning. Laura congratulated herself on her discovery; she was sure that nothing like it could be found in all Colorado. She sank on the grass a moment to catch her breath, and plan just where a pretty summer-house might be built. Figuratively, she made a swoop back to Boston, and caught up—from its

most beautiful suburb, Longwood—a dainty one-story and mansard-roof affair, which she deposited a few rods in front of her, and contemplated with the greatest satisfaction. Yes, the windows should face the mountains, and they should certainly be plate-glass, like the windows of Hammer-ton's Highland studio; then she could paint in all sorts of weather. By the time she had everything planned to her satisfaction, she felt sufficiently rested to go on; and, until then, it did not occur to her that the rocks where they had climbed that morning were no where in sight—but if she went on, she felt sure that she would find them, and it would be so pleasant to take back a sketch and surprise them all. So Laura pursued her toilsome way, spurred on by ambition—the desire to distinguish herself in the eyes of her companions. Her delight in wandering in those forbidden paths was doubtless considerably enhanced from the fact that they were forbidden; for had not Herman—the law—distinctly said, "Don't go alone into the woods"? and, like a true daughter of Eve, had not Laura taken the earliest opportunity to break the law? Laura's perseverance was at length rewarded; when she had become almost discouraged, the rocks suddenly appeared from behind a clump of trees, near and accessible. After some pretty slippery climbing over the bare rocks, she seated herself and looked, with a sigh of satisfaction, about her. She took out her pencil and began to work rapidly, but soon discovered that her altitude was altogether too high for her purposes; so she climbed down again, and sat at the base of the rocks. It was a wild spot, lonely, and entirely silent, save when an occasional shrill note from some bird overhead broke the stillness. Laura had daily expressed on the journey a strong desire to see a bear, a real live bear; and she wondered now, if her desire should be suddenly gratified, whether her courage would be equal to the emergency. She had

listened to enough bear stories to know that keeping perfectly still was the safest, and running away the most dangerous thing that could possibly be done. She resolved that if a bear did make his appearance, she would sit perfectly still and make a sketch of him, which would be proof positive of that courage which she was so desirous of believing, and making others believe, she possessed. It seemed to be getting late; the sun had gone down behind the hills, but a glorious sky hung above her, radiant in crimson and purple and green. It was too late to go on with her sketch; over the ravine the lights and shadows were all mingled in a sort of dimness, out of which it was impossible to make anything. She began to feel that she ought to go back before she was missed; but to go back empty-handed, and without any sort of adventure, would be almost ignominious. In the morning Herman had assured the girls that it was utterly impossible to go down the rocks into the ravine, unless they went, as he put it, head-first. Laura walked up and down, until she had pretty thoroughly convinced herself of its impracticability, and sat down close to the edge to weave a little wreath of quaking - asp leaves that grew just in reach. Suddenly she heard a rushing sound, as of something hurrying through the underbrush. Her heart seemed to stand still with fear. Something large, dark, and terrible flew past her. She fell on her face, and, lying near the edge, lost her balance and rolled over the cliff.

It was after sunset before our sportsmen returned. Herman, the deer-stalker, came slowly into camp with nothing but a string of grouse over his shoulder. Though weary and faint from his long fast, he was not destined that night to dress and eat his birds in peace. The bear-hunters, Orr and Walsh, had evidently done something extraordinary; an animal of some sort was packed on the pony led by Walsh, while Mr. Orr followed on the other

one. We set up a shout of congratulation; but as they approached, the supposed bear turned out to be a fine large deer. We rallied them a little about the bear steak they had so confidently promised us for our supper, and to Mr. Orr suggested the propriety of adding to his cooking recipe—"first catch your bear."

Our guests, the Governor and Colonel, finding themselves in such good company, decided to remain until morning. The Governor joined the party of gentlemen, and watched the cutting up and skinning of the animal. Herman was the operator, and it was agreed by all parties that he made a very neat job of it. Some venison was to be cooked in honor of our guests; and as nobody could do anything quite so well as Herman, he undertook to roast it himself. The Colonel was strolling about, with Constance by his side. When Mary came out of the tent and joined the circle, inquiry was made for Laura. Nobody knew where she was—nobody had seen her all the afternoon, though they had taken it for granted that she was with Mary.

Consternation in the camp followed: Mother frightened, Herman excited, and Mary in tears. A four hours' absence was something unaccountable.

"Did she take a horse?" asked Mr. Orr. No, they were all in sight.

"You do n't suppose she would go back to the ravine, after what I said?" asked Herman of his wife.

"What did you say?" asked Orr.

"I said distinctly that no one must go into the woods alone."

"There's where she has gone then;" and Orr muttered to himself as he went to saddle his pony. Herman, Mr. Walsh, and the Governor followed his example, the Colonel staying behind to take care of the ladies. As it was growing dark they supplied themselves with matches and bits of dry wood that could easily be converted into torches.

"I should not like to be Laura when they find her," said Constance, when they had disappeared among the trees.

An hour of weary waiting on the part of the women—an hour of fruitless searching on the part of the men; meanwhile the moon rose. The Governor was with Herman; he stooped to examine some tracks in the trail.

"Bear tracks, and fresh ones, by Heaven!" he exclaimed. "The girl may be mince-meat before this!"

Herman was a nervous man; he, too, stooped and looked at the track, but shivered and said nothing.

"You know she might have dropped asleep, Mr. Orr," said young Walsh, apologetically, as he stopped to look at the shadow of every other tree. "Do n't you think so, sir?"

"Women do n't fall asleep, like babies or kittens."

"Do you think any ill could have come to her?"

"I do n't dare to think," said Orr, for the first time showing in his voice any feeling but indignation and annoyance. He had known Laura's family in Boston, and at this moment remembered them. Her father and mother were old people, and she was an only remaining child.

The moon came up over the mountains bright and clear, but their mysterious shadows were all along the trail. Walsh came to a sudden halt, and leaning from his saddle, picked something from the ground. They were now standing under the very tree where Laura had erected the Spanish castle. It was a sort of oiled-silk mit, which she had worn to keep her wrists from burning. It was made fingerless, so that Laura could handle her pencils, with a place for the thumb, and high gauntlet wrists, and it was fastened with a jewelled glove-button, which caught the light in such a way as to attract Walsh's attention. It was anything but a picturesque relic; in fact it had been made a matter of mirth ever since they left home, for nobody else was finical enough to wear such a thing. Walsh passed it silently to Orr, who glanced at it, and put it in his pocket.

"She has been here, surely," he said, and jumped off his horse to look for foot-prints, which were easy to be distinguished in the moonlight. They followed the trail as she had done, until it became lost in the grass; then they were again at sea. They wandered a little apart, hoping by some lucky chance to again strike the trail. Before they were aware of it, they were close upon the ravine; frequently they had stopped to call. Walsh, who was a little in advance, called again; something, more like a beast than a human being, answered. It seemed to come from below; he listened again—it was a dog. Walsh approached the edge and looked over; it was steep, but he was young and agile. He let himself down by some limbs of the quaking-asp that grew out of the rocks. Nero sprang to meet him. A moment after, Orr heard him shout, "Found! found!"

Orr was not slow in following; he hurriedly clambered down to the spot where Walsh sat with Laura's head upon his knee. They were still some little distance above the level of the gulch, and Laura's fall had been evidently broken by a clump of quaking-asp growing obliquely from the side of the cliff; below, the rocks sloped off gradually to the level.

"Good Heavens! Is she dead?" and Orr bent to look into the white upturned face. Walsh pointed to the blood that trickled from her sleeve. Orr took out his knife and cut away the plaid flannel. It was nothing more than a cut, he felt sure. The patient opened her eyes.

"Oh, you hurt a little," she remarked faintly. "I do not know how I came to fall; I was not afraid of the bear, I am sure." With that she relapsed into silence, and closed her eyes.

As the self-constituted surgeon bound up his patient's arm, he muttered, more to himself than to Walsh, "'Ruling passion strong in death.' If that girl could make everybody believe

that she was afraid of nothing, I think she would be willing to die to prove it; when it's clear that she is as big a coward as the weakest of her sex."

Walsh produced his never-failing remedy—his flask—and raising Laura's head, put it to her lips.

"Must I take it?" she whispered.

"One, two, three swallows—there, will that do?—and you will never tell anybody; not even your wife, Mr. Walsh?"

"What in the devil is she talking about?" asked Orr, sharply.

Walsh flushed up, under his slouched hat.

"The Lord only knows," he said, stoutly; for was he not keeping a lady's secret?

How Laura gained the top of the cliff, she never exactly knew; but she recalled an indistinct sensation of being handled very much like a bale of goods. She knew that she was placed on one of the ponies and held there by somebody's strong arm, and then they moved slowly on, on, as she vaguely fancied, through endless darkness and space.

The next morning proved that Laura's accident, although too serious for a joke, was not so alarming as it first appeared. She had been simply stunned by the fall; in addition to that she had a deep cut in her arm, and was pretty well covered with bruises; but no bones were broken. With daylight the lugubrious aspect of things changed, and it was anything but a melancholy party that assembled at breakfast time.

"It is my belief," said the Governor, as he passed his tin cup the third time for coffee—a pint cup at that—"it is my belief that the girl actually did see a bear; nor is it at all strange that the sight of it took the starch out of her. She would have been an uncommon sort of a woman if it had n't; yes—an unnatural sort of female, sir," he said hotly, with his eyes fixed on Mr. Orr's unmoved countenance; although nobody contradicted him.



Some time previous, Mr. Orr had been so unfortunate as to suggest that Nero, the dog, was, in size and color, not unlike a bear; that the dog was found with Laura; and, as she said, he did not accompany her, nor could she explain his appearance on the scene of action. Putting these facts together, Mr. Orr left a conclusion to be inferred. The conclusion was not a pleasing one to the ladies; it spoiled the story, as a story, completely, besides making dear Laura appear silly; so they laughed him to scorn. Herman prudently refrained from expressing an opinion.

However the ladies may choose to tell their bear story now, these are the facts. Laura, to this day, believes in her bear most religiously, and will describe him to a hair; but there *are* persons who believe in that famous wet-nurse who once suckled Romulus and Remus!

Laura was invisible all that day, and the next; and by the time the party had returned from Constance's Lodge, where they went the next morning after the accident, it became evident that she must be taken home. It was something of a disappointment, as we had determined at the end of the week to leave Mother and Constance with the carriages at Idaho Springs, and take a horseback trip into Middle Park. But the idea was given up, and we turned our faces homeward. It was hard to say good-bye to the spot where we had passed so many delightful hours, especially to those who were not likely to again visit it.

We reached home late in the afternoon. The dust had been laid by a recent shower, and the garden was lovelier than ever. The white lilies seemed to nod a graceful welcome, and the whole air was heavy with sweetness. It was sweet, too, to get home; and we fairly revelled in soap, water, and fresh linen. The evening was too delightful to stay in-doors, so we all sat out on the piazza, to see the sunset, while Laura ran across the road to the *corral*, where her pony waited for his

lump of sugar. Mr. Orr followed. They stood by the bars together, and the horses came, one after another, and put their noses over, to be fed and petted.

"My last night, Miss Laura; I go to Denver in the morning," said Mr. Orr, with something suspiciously like a sigh.

"So it is;—and you lost your trip to Middle Park through me!"

"But you lost yours as well?"

"Yes. I'm used to losing things I want."

"If youth brings pleasure, its companion is sure to be disappointment. It is a long time since I have wished very ardently for anything," and he paused and fixed his eyes on the far-away hills as though for counsel. Then he turned toward her with a light air.

"Here, Miss Laura," he said, taking from his pocket the bit of oiled silk.

"O, my gauntlet! How you all used to laugh at them! But where did you find it?"

"What will you give in exchange?" he asked, playfully holding it out of her reach.

"What will you take?"

"This," he said, claspings the hand that she had put out for her property.

"O, Mr. Orr!" she exclaimed, looking straight into his face. She saw that it was no joke, although he kept it as much like a mask as he possibly could. "It—is not mine," said Laura, straightforwardly, though her eyes sought the ground.

He dropped her hand, with a half-muttered apology, turned on his heel, and walked away. "Fool, fool!" he muttered to himself.

When a man has got far enough to think chiefly of his own appearance in such a transaction, it is needless to waste pity on him; he will recover.

"If she be not fair for me

What care I how fair she be!"

said the philosopher lover to himself, the next morning; and he whipped up

his horses and took the Mount Vernon road towards Denver.

"This place is so dull," said Constance, as we watched Mr. Orr disappear down the road, "that it positively seems as though one were almost going to miss him."

Mary laughed.

"That is putting it pretty strong, is n't it, Conny? Are you quite sure that it is not that Mexican brigand whom you almost miss?"

"It must be either one of them, or my novel—for I have read the very last one; but Mr. Orr promised to send

me a package from Denver to 'console me,' he said: the vain creature!"

The long Colorado summer is over; and during these lovely autumn days Laura makes frequent flittings between a certain Denver land office and that spot she chose up among the mountains. The "shanty" is completed. All Laura's energies are spent in the effort to decide between the respective merits of wire and wood; while Herman admits that life has become a burden since the new landed proprietor decided to fence her "claim."

*M. McC.*

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

"**W**HOSE picture is this, Ada? The face is certainly very handsome; but there is something in the expression that, to me at least, is quite unpleasant—almost repellant."

My cousin took from my hand the photograph that I had been examining, looked at it a moment with an expression of surprise not unmingled with pain, and then turning away her head with a gesture of disgust, threw it among the burning coals in the grate.

"I thought that was destroyed long ago," she said, rising hastily, and pacing rapidly up and down the room, as if she were striving to banish, by the motion, some unpleasant reminiscences. "Strange that it has never been destroyed!"

It was one of the dreariest days of a Canadian winter; the air without was darkened by the fast falling snow, freezing as it fell till it rattled like hail on the windows; and the wind, raging and blowing as it does in no other country, had formed great white drifts, that threatened to exclude entirely the faint light that still struggled through

the ice-covered panes. On such a day there was no danger of interruption by visitors; so Ada and myself had quietly settled ourselves in her cosy little sewing-room, where, with gas lighted, inner shutters closed and barred, heavy damask curtains closely drawn, and a bright coal fire blazing in the grate, we strove to forget, amid our pleasant surroundings, the wild storm that raged without. We had dragged an old chest from some obscure closet, and were ransacking its recesses for bright scraps of ribbon, silk, and velvets, with bits of gold and silver lace and spangles, from which we intended to form gorgeous needle-books and pin-cushions for the fancy table at a Ladies' Bazaar. Amid these I had found the photograph in question, and I saw, with surprise, its effects upon my usually calm and tranquil cousin.

"A story! a story! Come, Ada," I exclaimed, "come, tell me a story, and make me forget the snow and the wind and my disappointment at not being able to go to the theatre to-night, and all my homesick feelings for my dear California home, where days like

this could not even be imagined. I know from your looks that there is a story connected with that very handsome gentleman with the wicked looking eyes."

"Wicked looking eyes!" she repeated slowly. "Yes, Anna, you may well call them so; but with all their wickedness there was a strange charm, a magnetism, in their beauty, which it seemed almost impossible to resist. Ah! I see that you are determined to have the story; and as I have a vivid remembrance of how persistent you can be, I know that I must submit."

"To begin at the beginning," as you used to say, when a child; at the time of my marriage to Harry Gordon we were far from rich. I had only the small property given by your father, who would not allow his orphan niece to go portionless from his home, and Harry had a small amount invested in the banking-house of a friend. The failure of this friend soon after our arrival in New York made it necessary for my husband to obtain a situation instead of establishing himself in business, as he had intended, and we came to Toronto, where he was employed by the firm of Lee & Brothers. His salary was small, and we were obliged to live as economically as possible; so Harry rented a small house on Yonge street, furnished it with as little expense as was consistent with comfort, and took me there to commence housekeeping on a very small scale indeed, keeping no servant except a woman who came once a week to wash, and a man who came occasionally to saw wood, bring in coal, etc.

"As this house is closely connected with my story, I will describe it to you. It was a low brick cottage, standing quite alone in the centre of a large garden, with vacant lots behind, on each side, and in front, too, on the other side of the street; so that we were quite as much removed from neighborly companionship as if we were living in the country. A small covered porch was in front, with a door opening into

our parlor, sitting, and dining room, in one; fronting this door, another opened into the kitchen, and another to the right into my bedroom; a door to the right of the kitchen opened into a small store-room, and back of the kitchen was a small latticed porch, with the wood and coal house at one side. Here I lived as mistress and maid-of-all-work, for Harry's limited salary would not permit us to keep a servant; but, hard as I worked, some of my happiest hours were passed in that little house. I often thought of my dear old home in San Francisco, and smiled as I imagined the astonishment of your father, if he could but see his gay and thoughtless niece, his 'brilliant butterfly,' as he used to call me, transformed into a busy, working bee.

"One day, when little Alec was about five weeks old, I dismissed the woman whom we had employed for a short time, and resumed my household labors. Bridget had been a very good servant, but things in general had been allowed to lose the neat and orderly arrangement in which I had left them, and I spent a busy day in cleaning and arranging the appurtenances belonging to my small household. I succeeded at last in bringing order out of confusion, and, before the return of my husband from the store, my home looked as bright and cheerful as it had done before my illness.

"I think I never felt more contented and happy than I did that evening. One great sense of anxiety had just been removed. The situation of soprano, which I had been obliged to resign, had been offered to me again that day, with an increase of salary, more than sufficient to defray the expenses of my illness; and Miss Janet Gordon, Harry's aunt, had made it possible for me to accept by offering to take charge of baby during my absence. My past illness gave a new feeling of enjoyment to the health and vigor now coursing through my veins.

"I was expecting Aunt Janet to come with my husband to take dinner with

us that evening, and had taken great pains in the preparation of her favorite dish, 'Cock - a - leekie,' which she said that I could prepare almost as well as a Scotchwoman; and had dressed myself, as Harry liked to see me, in blue merino with plain linen cuffs and collar, fastened with a simple bow of blue ribbon,—my best dress, Anna, of which I was obliged to be careful, so I protected it from contact with the cook stove by a large housewife's apron of blue check.

"I thought, as I stood looking into my little parlor, that I never before had seen it look so pleasant and homelike. The mellow light of an autumn sunset streamed through the clear glass of the window, giving a roseate tinge to the fresh muslin curtains; a bright coal fire glowed in the polished grate, and before it stood the table, ready prepared for dinner, with its spotless damask covering, faultlessly clean napkins, clear shining glass, pure white china, and plated ware—we could not afford silver—polished to the extreme of brightness. Our one handsome piece of furniture, a magnificent piano given me by your father, stood open, with Harry's favorite music on the rack, and his flute lay ready on the music stand; but loveliest object to my eyes was the inmate of the little cradle, lying with wide open blue eyes, and uttering that soft cooing sound which foolish mothers like myself interpret into all manner of sweet words and loving phrases.

"It is said that a serpent enters every Eden; and the one that invaded mine came in the form of Arthur Tremaine. I had often heard Harry speak of Arthur Tremaine, the hero of his boyhood; but when I was introduced to him that evening, and tried to welcome him as my husband's early friend, there was something behind the handsome face and faultlessly polished manner that seemed to repel me. If I were a Swedenborgian I would say that our spheres were antagonistic. I felt the fascination of his address and brilliant conversational powers, but I could not

feel at ease in his society. He boarded at the Rossin House, and as he was reported to be a millionaire on the lookout for some safe investment for his spare thousands, he soon became a welcome visitor at the best houses in the city. Still, notwithstanding all the attention that was paid him and the constant invitations that he received, his most frequent visits were made to our humble home. As time passed on, the aversion that I felt at first ceased almost entirely, and I began to look forward with pleasure to the time of his coming. He had a remarkably fine tenor voice and was a brilliant performer on the piano, and as Harry and myself were both passionately fond of music, our evenings passed delightfully. He came almost daily; at first, only in the evening, when my husband would be at home; but in a few weeks he came frequently at hours when Harry would be at the store. At length I was aroused to a knowledge of the fact that these visits always were followed by a feeling of vague dissatisfaction with the situation in which I was placed, and with my surroundings. I took myself seriously to task, and now remembered covert hints, insinuations, allusions to my former position, half-expressed pity for the change, many, many things, so quietly said and so delicately covered that they had failed at the time to excite my anger or suspicion. But why should he wish to make me discontented with my home? My suspicions once aroused, I became convinced that he was trying to wean me from my true love for my husband, and to win that love for himself.

"Ashamed to think so myself, and more ashamed to confess it to another, I could not go to Harry and ask him to put an end to Mr. Tremaine's too frequent visits; but I went to Aunt Janet, and complained of the interruption of my household duties. She only said, 'Right, child! You are quite right': but from that day Mr. Tremaine always found her established in our little parlor with her knitting, looking grim

and stately, ready to assist me in entertaining him, or to entertain him herself, excusing me on account of my household cares.

"After the advent of Aunt Janet, Mr. Tremaine's visits became less frequent; but I was soon pained to see a great change in my husband. The cheerful, hopeful look vanished from his face, and gave place to an expression of the deepest dejection. Instead of spending his evenings at home, as had always been his habit, he remained out late at night, and returned sad and despondent; his sleep was restless and interrupted, and he looked so haggard and careworn that I became anxious about his health.

"Near the last of December Harry's employers determined to send him to Montreal in charge of a large sum of money, nearly forty thousand dollars. He was to leave in the train at ten P.M. and when he returned in the evening he brought the money with him. Mr. Tremaine accompanied him, and I heard my husband say excitedly, 'Never jest with me again in that manner, Arthur, or our friendship must cease. Dearly as I love my wife, not even for her dear sake would I wrong my employers out of one farthing; and I cannot and will not have my honesty called in question, even in jest.'

"Mr. Tremaine laughed lightly as he made some low reply. They shook hands, and the subject seemed to be forgotten.

"Mr. Tremaine intended to start that evening for New York, by the way of Niagara, and at five o'clock my husband accompanied him to the terminus of the Great Western Railroad. He returned in an hour, complaining of a severe headache. He said that he had taken a glass of ale with his friend before bidding him good bye, and had not felt well afterward; indeed, from that time he had been constantly growing worse. I made him a cup of strong tea, bathed his head, and did all in my power to arouse him from the stupor that seemed to be rapidly

overpowering him. At length, becoming alarmed, I despatched the wood-sawyer for the nearest physician. He soon returned, saying that the doctor would be there in half an hour. Eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and no doctor. I looked anxiously from the door, but the weather had become stormy, and the drifting snow kept every person within doors, so that I could not see a single passer-by. I could not leave my helpless babe and apparently dying husband, who now lay perfectly unconscious, his livid face and heavy labored breathing awakening my greatest fears; so with a fervent prayer that God, in His infinite mercy, would spare my dear one, I prepared to spend the night in watching by his side.

"Eleven o'clock, and still no change for the better. The fire was burning low, and I took the coal scuttle to replenish it with coal. As I knew that the wind would extinguish the lamp, I thought that I would find my way to the coal house in the dark. As I stepped upon the kitchen porch I started, thinking that I heard the sound of voices. Robberies had been frequent, particularly during the last few months, and for the first time that night I thought of the large sum of money now lying in the house. I was not mistaken. Notwithstanding the violence of the storm, I could hear persons conversing in the coal house; and silently approaching, I could distinguish the words. To my amazement, the voice was that of Mr. Tremaine.

"'Are you perfectly sure,' he said, 'that she has had no opportunity to send the money back to Lee & Brothers?'

"'Sure! Of course I'm sure,' answered the other. 'Have n't I watched the house all the evening? She came to the door two or three times, and looked up and down the street; but no one would be out such a night as this.'

"'Have you seen Gordon?'

"'Yes. She sent me for the doctor, and I hid myself a bit, and then went

and told her the doctor would be there in half an hour. Gordon breathed so loud that you could hear him all over the house; his face was purple, almost black, and he appeared not to know anything.'

"'Yes. I suppose so. I gave Tom the wink to give him a strong dose. Did you remove the bolts and window fastenings from the store room?'

"'Yes. I did that when I went to tell Mrs. Gordon about the doctor.'

"'You have done well. If we succeed you shall have three thousand. How about that shanty of yours on Pigeon Lake? Can we take her there, and will there be anybody to take care of her?'

"'Of course. I have an Indian wife there and two grown daughters. She must be gagged and well wrapped up in the buffalo robes; for the last sixty miles you must hire Indians to carry her. But what will you do with the child? will you take that, too?'

"'No. I shall leave that with Gordon. If he lives — which is doubtful, for he took a strong dose—he will think that his wife stole the money and deserted him and the child. Be careful to replace the bolts and leave everything secure, but the front door. I have made Gordon think that his wife is discontented, tired of her hard life, and longing for ease and wealth.'

"'When will the sleigh be here?'

"'At one o'clock precisely. You must be ready for action then, but now you had better see that all is safe.'

"I had stood as one spellbound while the villains discussed their plans, and now I dragged myself wearily into the kitchen, closed and bolted the door, and then went back to the bedside of my husband. I took my sleeping baby from its crib and laid it by its father's side, and taking the money from the drawer placed it under his pillow. A revolver lay on the secretary, and Harry had taught me how to use it. I examined the barrels to see that all were loaded and primed, and laid it on the table by the bedside; then, after one

prayer for Divine aid and protection, I seated myself once more by the side of my apparently dying husband, to bathe his head and breast, and do what little I could to arouse him from the fearful stupor which I now feared must end in death. That was a terrible watch, dear Anna. The strong arm that had always been ready to protect me, now lay weak and powerless as an infant's; and I, a frail and timid woman, was left alone to defend myself and my dear ones from the cruel villains already on the watch to invade our peaceful home.

"Twelve o'clock! How soon it came! Not quite one; but there was a slight noise at the store room window. My ears were strained to catch the slightest sound; a door opened softly, and muffled steps were heard crossing the kitchen floor. I raised the revolver, with my finger on the trigger; then two men with masked faces, bending forward and peering carefully around them, stole slowly into the parlor; they were just opposite my bedroom door, when, taking deliberate aim, I fired, once, twice; one fell, but his companion sprang toward me with an oath. I fired again and again; he was wounded, but still came staggering towards me; I fired again. Anna, I had meant to wound, to disable him, but I did not mean to kill him; and as he fell dead at my feet, shot through the heart, I sank swooning to the floor.

"I do not know how long I lay unconscious; but I was aroused by the groans of the wounded man, and his piteous appeals for water. I raised myself with difficulty, almost hoping to find the events of the night only a fevered dream; but there lay the horrible witness that they were too true. His head lay within the doorway, and I was obliged to pass him to give assistance to his wounded and suffering comrade. My feet seemed like lead; but I moved, slowly and mechanically, to do what must be done. I brought him water, removed the mask and raised his head that he might drink,



staunched the blood, and applied a bandage to his wound, bathed his face, placed a pillow under his head, and spread a blanket over him to protect him from the cold.

"By this time Harry's face had lost the purple hue, and his breathing had become more natural. I bathed his head with ice water, and as I had heard that coffee is an antidote against narcotics, I made some, hot and strong. I succeeded in arousing him sufficiently to be able to drink it, and soon saw that the danger was past. Then, woman-like, I was overcome by the consciousness of what I had been through, and sank cowering by the bedside, my head upon my husband's breast, and clung to him with the feeling that, weak and half-conscious as he was, he could still protect me.

"When I was fully aroused the next morning to a knowledge of my situation, Harry stood at my side, still pale and weak from the effects of yesterday's potion. Mr. Lee's voice in the next room was giving orders for the removal of the dead body of Mr. Tremaine, and the safe-keeping of his wounded associate, Thomas McGrath, the wood-sawyer; while dear Aunt Janet, with her arms around my neck, was calling me 'brave little woman,' little knowing what a coward I felt myself to be, and declaring me a worthy member of the family of Gordon.

"This is the story, Anna, and you will not wonder that I should shudder and turn pale when anything recalls to my remembrance that Night of Terror."

*Lisle Singleton.*

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"AWAY DOWN EAST."

"**A**WAY Down East," where mountain rills  
Are through the hollows flowin',  
Where cattle browse upon the hills  
When summer winds are blowin',

Where in the moonlight winter nights  
The world puts on such splendor,  
When young folks go to singin' school  
An' git so kind o' tender,

Where village gossips hear an' tell  
Their kind o' harmless slander,  
There lived blue-eyed Mehitabel  
An' honest young Philander.

Mehitabel was jest as sweet  
An' fair as summer weather;  
She hed the cutest little feet  
That ever trod in leather.

An' then, those mild soft eyes o' hern,  
Wy! cider were n't no clearer;  
They made Philander's visage burn  
Whenever he sot near her.

Philander, he was tall and thin —  
A kind o' slender feller;  
He hed a sort o' goslin' chin;  
His hair was long and yellor.

Drest in his go - to - meetin' clo's,  
A standin' collar sportin',  
He went down cross - lots, Sunday nights,  
To Deacon Spencer's, courtin'.

There down he sot beside the fire,  
A thinkin' an' a lookin';  
He praised the Deacon's sheep an' cows,  
He praised *her* mother's cookin'.

He talked all round the tender pint,  
But somehow, could n't do it;  
His words got kind o' out o' jint  
Before he could git through it.

'T was twelve o'clock one Sunday night;  
A blazin' fire was roarin';  
The old folks hed gone off to bed,  
The Deacon he was snorin'.

Around the time-worn room, the light  
Fell kind o' soft and rosy;  
The old pine settle it was drawn  
Close by the fireplace, cosy.

Mehitabel sot on one end,  
Philander he sot by her;  
An', with the old tongs in his hands,  
Kept pokin' at the fire.

He tried to tell her how he felt;  
It sot him in a flutter.  
He'd gin jest half 'is farm to sed  
The words he could n't utter.

So there they sot and talked about  
The moonshine an' the weather;  
An' kept a kind o' hitchin' up,  
Until they hitched together.

Philander he got kind o' red,  
But kept a gettin' bolder;  
He slid his arm around her head  
An' laid it on his shoulder.

An' when she lifted up her eyes,  
An' looked up into his 'n,  
It seemed as if Philander's heart  
Into his mouth hed ris'n.

He sot an' trembled for awhile,  
She looked so mighty clever,  
Some spirit whispered in his ear —  
"Jest do it now or never."

Says he, "My dear Mehitabel,  
My house and home are waitin',  
An' hain't it gettin' to be time  
That you an' I were matin'?"

An' then says she, jest loud enuff  
For him to understand her,—  
"If you kin be content with me,  
I guess it is—Philander."

The Deacon woke up from his dreams;  
Says he, "There 's suthin' brewin'.  
He peeked out through the bedroom door  
To see what they were doin'.

An' when he saw 'em sittin' there,  
Like little lambs in clover,  
He almost snickered right out loud;  
It tickled him all over.

He nudged his wife an' told her too,  
An' my! how it did please her!  
An' then they talked themselves to sleep,  
An' snored away like Caesar.

Philander sot there all night long;  
He did n't think o' goin',  
Till when the day begun to dawn  
He heerd the roosters crowin'.

An' when he started over hum,  
Alone acrost the holler,  
He kep' a talkin' to himself  
An' fumblin' with his collar.

Says he, "There never was a chap  
That did the bizness slicker."  
An' then he gin himself a slap,  
An' my! how he did snicker!

An' now, blue-eyed Mehitabel  
Is married to Philander;  
An' village gossips idly tell  
That ne'er was weddin' grander.

Those peaceful moonlight winter nights  
Hev not yit lost their splendor;  
The young folks go to singin' school  
An' still git kind o' tender;

Away down East, where mountain rills  
Are through the hollers flowin',  
Where cattle browse upon the hills  
When summer winds are blowin'.

*Eugene J. Hall.*

## RECORD OF PROGRESS IN CHICAGO.

## SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

....The attention of the world was again directed to Chicago on the 9th of October, 1872, with only less earnestness than when, just a year before, the city distinguished herself by one of the three most memorable conflagrations which this planet has known. It was the province of the last number of *THE LAKESIDE* to place on record such comprehensive reviews of the year's work intervening between the two dates referred to, as was to be expected from a magazine of its class. The daily journals for which Chicago is justly renowned, illustrated their enterprise by publishing, on the morning of the anniversary, voluminous statements of the year's achievements and appropriately jubilant panegyrics upon the spirit and vigor of the city. These publications were of themselves such pronounced journalistic triumphs, that they are entitled to be recorded in this general summary of the important events of the month of October.

....The anniversary of the great fire found Chicago rushing along at railroad speed toward a point of progress not merely up to, but far beyond, that from which she was so suddenly set back a year before; rushing on at a speed which had, in one year, commencing with absolute prostration and apparently inevitable and irretrievable bankruptcy, covered one-half of the area of the destroyed business quarter with buildings averaging 100 per cent. better than those standing there before the fire. The total street frontage occupied at that date in the burnt district of the South Division, with buildings either completed or rapidly approaching completion, was 52,097 feet; and of this frontage (which, owing to the great depth of business lots in Chicago, represents much more than the same aggregate in any other large city in the world), fully 20,000 feet, or nearly four miles, is covered with splendid buildings

of five, six, seven, or eight stories, and mostly with stone fronts. A careful estimate of the cost of buildings, finished or in progress, in the Burnt District, on the date named, places the amount at \$45,558,200.

....This railroad speed has been slightly checked during the past month, owing chiefly to three causes: (1) the prolonged strike of 5,000 bricklayers, comprising about one half the total force; (2) the extreme stringency of the money market, which, however, has not been worse in Chicago than in other cities; and (3) the partial diversion of energy and means to the great national political struggle, now, fortunately, terminated. Of these causes, the first named is undoubtedly the most serious. The bricklayers were getting, as a general rule, \$4.50 per day. They struck, not ostensibly for higher wages, but for shorter hours; and their demand has not, at the writing of this, been complied with.

....On the same 9th of October anniversary, the Board of Trade took possession of its gorgeous quarters in the new Chamber of Commerce, a sketch of which was given in the October *LAKESIDE* by Mr. Randolph, the Secretary of the organization. There was not much ostentation nor spread-eagle about the ceremony. The Board, marching in procession from the temporary quarters on the river, filed into the stately new edifice designed for their occupancy, and speeches formally transferring the custody of the Board of Trade hall and rooms, passed between the proper officers; other speeches followed, and the best bands in the city played a series of selections. There was no banquet nor carouse, and the proceedings were, on the whole, much more modest, proper, and business-like, than those which characterized a similar occasion in 1865.

.... The month has seen encouraging progress upon that bulwark of Chicago's prosperity, her railroad system, albeit the high pressure at which American railroad securities have been forced upon the markets of the world of late has militated somewhat against the disposal of the bonds of some of the new corporations. Our four great trunk routes to the sea-board are soon to be supplemented by another—the old Baltimore & Ohio line, which, under the new title (and new organization) of "Baltimore, Pittsburgh & Chicago," has located its route to the walls of our city—or, to speak more practically and prosaically, to Sixty-fourth street, where it joins the Michigan Central, and participates in its right-of-way into the city. The Chicago extension of the Milwaukee & St. Paul (to be called the Chicago & St. Paul hereafter) has been delayed somewhat by questions of right-of-way in and near the city; but these have been adjusted during the month, and work is progressing at a rate which indicates the completion of the line early in December. When spring opens, a lively competition for passenger traffic will doubtless set in between the new road and the old North-Western; and speed hitherto unknown in roads to the westward of Chicago will then be in order. The effect of the competition of these lines for freight will not probably be, as first anticipated, unfavorable to Milwaukee, but, on the contrary, it will favor that city, along with Chicago, as against Mississippi river ports. The Chicago, Danville & Vincennes Railway, a very important thoroughfare to the Ohio and the Gulf of Mexico, is being finished, straightened, furnished, and consolidated into the shape most effective for an extensive trunk route. Minor routes, opening up to Chicago new sections within a radius of a hundred miles or so, are being constructed or projected. The "Chicago & Pacific" (so called because it points towards the Pacific, though it will stop for the present at Elgin, about 1,660 miles this side of the Pacific, and about 40 miles out of Chicago), has been graded, and for the past week or two the rails have been laid at the rate of a mile per day, indicating the completion of the line about December 1st. The survey of

the Chicago & Illinois River Railroad, intended to tap the country lying between the "Alton" and "Rock Island" routes, is in progress; while the projected construction of the Chicago & Decatur road is postponed for the present, owing to the financial difficulty above hinted at.

.... The extraordinary activity in real estate transactions, for which Chicago has become so noted, has been kept up with no perceptible abatement, and no thought but that of a continual advance in prices has entered the heads of holders or speculators. The tight times have, indeed, compelled some to put property in the market at prices below those talked of by the brokers, but this has not occurred to any such extent as to create a depression in general prices. As an indication of progress, we have only to refer to the numerous suburban projects which have been developed and successfully carried out during the summer and fall.

.... The annual school census, taken during the month of September, and made public shortly after our last number went to press, reveals a total population of 367,396 within the limits of the city proper, and excluding even such close-lying suburbs as Kenwood, Hyde Park, Englewood, and Austin, which are so far a part of the city that they are served daily with groceries, etc., by the wagons of city dealers. Of these 367,396 souls, 214,344 are located west of the two branches of the river; 88,496 are south of the main channel, and 64,566 are north of it—in the ill fated North Division, which was so nearly depopulated by the great fire. This enumeration of the inhabitants of Chicago is made by the city authorities, and may be accepted (judging from past school censuses) as approximately accurate. It may be added, however, that it falls considerably short of the estimate of Mr. Edwards, a very thoroughly experienced directory compiler. It is, at all events, safe to assert that, counting in the suburbs which lie within half an hour's ride of the business centre of the city, Chicago has a population of more than 400,000 souls. This was exceeded



in 1870 by only two cities in the United States—New York and Philadelphia. In order that the reader may compare it with the population of Chicago in times past, the following table is appended, of the results of previous enumerations :

1837.	July.	City census	4,170
1840.	July.	U. S. census	4,479
1843.	July.	City census	7,530
1845.	July.	State census	12,088
1846.	Sept.	City census	14,169
1847.	Oct.	City census	16,859
1848.	Sept.	City census	20,023
1849.	Aug.	City census	23,047
1850.	Aug.	U. S. census	29,063
1853.	Dec.	City census	50,130
1855.	June.	State census	80,000
1856.	Aug.	City census	84,113
1860.	Aug.	U. S. census	109,206
1862.	Oct.	City census	138,186
1864.	Oct.	City census	160,353
1865.	Oct.	State census	178,492
1866.	Oct.	City census	200,418
1868.	Oct.	City census	232,054
1870.	Aug.	City census	306,605
1872.	Oct.	City census	307,396

In the same period, the valuation of real property in the city has increased from \$236,840 in 1837 (it dropped after the crash of that year so as to be valued three years later at \$94,437) to \$236,898,650 in 1871. The valuation of personal property has risen from \$479,093 in 1840 to \$52,847,820 in 1871; and the annual revenues of the city from \$4,721.85 in 1840, to \$2,897,464.70 in 1871. It may be added that the official valuation of real property in 1872 is, in spite of the fire, somewhat greater than in 1871.

....The Chicago Chapter of the American Institute of Architects held its annual meeting on the 17th, and reelected Mr. W. W. Boyington as its President. It also resolved to send a committee to the national convention of architects to be held at Cincinnati early this month, which committee is to invite that body to visit Chicago and examine the work of the past year. It is to be hoped that the visit will take place, and that the city architects will derive from it not only the gratification of seeing their work appreciated, but also the benefit of such hints as a "multitude of counsellors" will be likely to bring.

....Two splendid new theatres have been opened since October 9th, viz.: Aiken's on Walash avenue, and Hooley's, on Ran-

dolph street, opposite the Court House. Both are models of attractiveness inside, and as to size, they will seat about 1,500 and 1,200 respectively. Aiken's is intended as a temple of the polite drama, similar to Wallack's, of New York; but the proprietors lack the capital to carry on an enterprise so expensive. They are, therefore, devoting their theatre to such respectable performances as promise the best and surest money returns. Among the entertainments of a higher order offered by this management, are a week of Theodore Thomas (already given), and another of Rubenstein, the pianist. The theatre of Mr. Hooley is situated in the midst of a wilderness of mortar and lumber, stretching for many squares around; yet its performances have thus far been well patronized. Chicago has now eight theatres, of which four are professedly devoted to the legitimate drama, and the other four to minstrelsy, pantomime, and vaudeville. The aggregate seating capacity of these is about 12,000. No large central public halls have as yet been constructed; but two of our churches, well adapted for such use, have been occupied largely by lectures and concerts, which are well patronized.

....Perhaps the above does not come under the head of the Moral and Social Progress of Chicago. If not, the following items certainly do. The Chicago Christian Union had its annual meeting on the 17th *ultimo*, and chose as its officers for the ensuing year, Geo. M. Pullman, President; Wm. F. Coolbaugh, Treasurer; and Geo. N. Carpenter, Secretary. This organization has accumulated since the fire a library of 1,800 volumes, and has in its treasury a surplus of \$7,100, of which \$5,000 was contributed just before the annual meeting by Mr. Pullman. This organization is rather more "liberal" in its rules and plan than the Young Men's Christian Association, managed by Mr. Moody; yet it has the coöperation of several earnest orthodox clergymen. Its plan embraces Sunday evening lectures on a variety of topics; also, gratuitous instruction to classes in literature, music, and the arts and sciences generally.

....The Free Library which Chicago is to have as a monument of her greatest episode, does not progress very rapidly, owing chiefly to a want of funds with which to erect or purchase a suitable building. The latest report showed that there were just 462 books in the reservoir (the reader should understand that the Directors are trying to make shift to utilize a "burnt-out" water reservoir belonging to the city as a temporary library building) and "more coming." The total possessions of the incorporation number some 7,000 volumes, chiefly donated by English publishers and authors.

....Two improvements in city government have been attempted during the month. The first was to abate certain

nuisances caused by slaughter-houses within the closely populated portion of the city, adjoining the South Branch. This attempt may be set down as a failure rather than a success, though certain promises of improvement are made. The other attempt was that of the temperance workers in the community to induce the mayor and police to enforce the laws against Sunday liquor-vending, and even Sunday beer-vending. The attempt, so far as the authorities were concerned, was a mere feint; but it was serious enough to disturb greatly the composure of a considerable class of citizens, and to set the saloon-keepers to forming themselves and their assistants into personal liberty leagues by the score. It also entered to a considerable extent into the local elections.

#### THE REBUILDING.

THE streets are being cleared of the obstructions incident to rebuilding, and the sidewalks of their litter and *debris*; so that, in the city, the outlook at the close of the building season gives a tolerable idea of how stately and beautiful Chicago thoroughfares have become. However much may be found to blame in some of the structures that are completed, the architects have their full meed of praise in the beauty and grandeur of many of those in course of erection. Among the new buildings, good work is the rule and not the exception. Take a look at the city so hurriedly improvised, from any central eminence, and not only the extent of these building operations, broadening away in the distance until the outlines of new walls become undistinguishable, will surprise and delight you, but the massive majesty of buildings so quickly constructed is in no small degree remarkable. There are many things which are to be noted as indications of economy or grotesqueness, rather than commended as taste. There are fantastic and *bizarre* decorations—glaring contrasts of color that offend. There are big solid stone blocks, "labored quarries

above ground," carved and sculptured and grooved and fluted without stint, and surmounted with absurd figures or a superfluous profusion of cornice. The effect of two or three buildings has been impaired by capping them with a stucco Cupid or a tin Mercury. But let us repeat, these features are exceptional, and the public generally only half knows, notwithstanding the much that has been written, how graceful are the thoroughfares through which it daily hastens.

If there is any special error which appears in a retrospect of the work as it stands at the end of the building season, it is the danger of too much uniformity of structure. Several of our architects have revamped and reproduced the same design for a dozen successive buildings. There has been so much done, and so much to do, it was impossible that it should be otherwise. One gratifying feature, however, that is made evident by recent plans and projects, is, that the buildings to come will be distinguished by more diversity of character and individuality of expression. It is difficult in business quarters to avoid uniformity; but our architects have earned

commendations from the East for the independence with which many of them have put original ideas into their designs. There is no limit, apparently, to the visible items of cost in many of the buildings to be occupied this winter. The towering height, the elaborately worked surface, the floridness, and, in some cases, the superfluity of ornament, the lofty windows of plate-glass, and the ambitious elegance of scores of new fronts, indicate that the later architecture of the new city—that which is yet but partially developed, and that which will take form another season—will, in its critical aspect and finish, surpass the work now completed, much of which, of necessity, was too hurriedly done to regard the claims of architecture, or even of the best construction.

Finishing structures already commenced has been the general order of business among architects and builders during the last month. Drawings for new structures are being made; but the anticipation of a decline in the cost of materials, the apprehensions of difficulty with the bricklayers, and the conviction that the buildings completed will suffice for the accommodation of most of the mercantile establishments that desire to go into new or elegant quarters before spring—these considerations, already realized to some extent, have disposed many who have paid for their plans to hold off for a while before making contracts. The necessity which impelled building operations last winter no longer exists. Most of the wholesale firms have got to running in their new palaces of trade; and, with a stringency in the money market, there is an indication of a disposition to “wait and see how things will head in the spring.” But work will by no means cease this winter; the architects will go to planning for the building campaign of another year, in which they promise to make conquest of the area yet vacant in the burnt district; a large number of bank and office buildings now under roof will be made ready for occupancy in the spring; a multitude of small stores, requiring comparatively little time in their construction, will be well advanced before frigid weather; and in the costlier and more massive struc-

tures—the great hotels, the churches, the biggest and broadest of our business-blocks—indoor work will continue without interruption until they are completed. The bricklayers’ strike having to a large degree lost its force, rebuilding has met with little hindrance anywhere. The season has advanced so far that most people who have unfinished buildings are anxious to get them plastered, if possible, before the frosts set in. New buildings, as before stated, are starting in a few localities; but it is generally the intention to put in only the foundations this fall, and be ready for an early commencement of work in the spring. The strikes have ceased to be of much importance. Impelled by the high wages offered, bricklayers have come to Chicago from other cities in sufficient numbers to enable most of the contractors to fulfil their engagements; and the prospect of a long period of enforced idleness during the cold winter, has made the strikers not indisposed to get to work again, and save something for the winter during the few remaining weeks while work and wages are to be had. The principal work now on hand is plastering and carpentry, and artisans in both trades are overtaxed.

Excepting the need for a public hall, adequate to the requirements of our larger assemblies, the opening of winter finds the Chicago public provided with every facility it needs, and with manifold more facilities than it dreamed of a year ago. The past month has added two new places of amusement to the number in the city—Aiken’s and Hooley’s; and these, with those previously completed, will present us during the winter entertainments worthy the name. The burnt South-Side churches have in most instances completed a lecture-room or a basement-story—some part of a permanent building—wherein they will be pleasantly and snugly accommodated; and few parishioners of the old congregations will need to run off to other religious societies than their own for Sunday shelter or service. The obstacles existing to the successful inauguration of work on the new Government Building having been removed, and the title to the site fully vested in the Gov-

ernment, work on the excavations is being pushed forward night and day; and the hope that a third summer will witness the completion of the structure bids fair to be realized, if Congress continues the appropriations. The square bounded by Clark and Dearborn, Adams and Jackson streets, whereon the structure is to be erected, has been enclosed; and by the help of calcium lights, gangs of workmen are busily employed during the night.

At all the hotels work is progressing well, and at most of them quite energetically. The Pacific is under roof, and the cornices are in place. It can easily be got ready for occupancy by the first of May next, and purchases of furniture have already been made with the intention of opening on that day. The Gardner House, which has received a detailed description in *THE LAKESIDE*, has been doing a prosperous business since its opening on the anniversary of the fire. The Matteson House will be completed in a few weeks. The walls of the Clifton will be up before the first of January. The Tremont is climbing up rapidly. The Sherman and Briggs will be in readiness in a few weeks for the final work on the details of the interior. The Palmer House progresses somewhat slowly, its immensity and the solidity of its construction precluding hurried building.

The talk concerning a Grand Exposition in Chicago appears to have taken hopeful shape. It was felt immediately after the fire by many clear-sighted gentlemen, that the need of securing to Chicago an annual Exposition, at least of its own industrial products, ought not to be longer overlooked. It was clear enough that the enterprise would be difficult. The success of the Cincinnati Exposition, of the Northern Ohio Fairs at Cleveland, and the Mechanics' Exhibitions in New York, Boston, and Buffalo, showed conclusively that the project could be made a success. The facts of the case at present are these: Many gentlemen of influence and means, interested more or less in the plan itself, perhaps in the real estate in the vicinity of the proposed site—that does not matter, they are certainly interested in the fair fame of the city—these gentlemen have bought between

fifty and sixty acres of land near Cornell Junction, ten miles south of Chicago, the land chosen having on one side the tracks of the Illinois Central, and on the other those of the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, and Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroads. Here they propose to erect an Exposition building, the plans for which are now in preparation. It is the intention to complete a building in season for a "Northwestern Fair," to be held on the Fire Anniversary in 1873, wherein there shall be a main exhibition hall, 100 feet by 600, with transepts on each side, which will increase the extreme width to 250 feet. The principal front will be to the eastward, facing the Illinois Central railroad and the lake. The grounds it is proposed to beautify with hot-houses, summer-houses, fountains, and whatever natural and artificial adornments may contribute to make the place at all times an attractive pleasure resort, apart from the interest it will possess as the *locale* of an annual exhibition. Pens and stables for stock, engine and boiler rooms for supplying power for exhibition machinery, dining halls and kitchens, spacious ante-rooms and promenade corridors, are among the details of the plan as it is now taking practical shape. A private subscription has been organized, which has proven so far successful that there is no doubt that the necessary means will be secured. The amount required is \$250,000. The object is an annual collection, illustrating, in a hundred ways, the resources of the vast region tributary to Chicago—a collection which may be the nucleus of a generous and extensive scientific, industrial, and artistic exhibition, which will give the city an elevated rank as a real and not a pretended metropolis among the great cities of the world. It is for precisely such purposes as this—for the concentration in this city of all possible sources of information and reference, of new design and comparative study—that money is worth getting. Several gentlemen are enlisted in this enterprise, whose use of money hitherto, for the public benefit, has shown how truly they estimate its relative importance, and how clearly they comprehend that two or three hundred thousand houses or a mil-

lion people do not make a metropolis. Whether the enterprise will prove pecuniarily profitable, remains to be seen. Chicago is a great trading post. It has been almost purely a commercial city. The projectors of this industrial Exposition are acting on the idea that a town which sets itself to the task of representing the Northwest cannot afford to neglect universal interests, or to treat with indifference its opportunities of achieving a permanently illustrious result for its own character and fame.

Just as our monthly record closes, the somewhat mysterious malady which has ac-

quired in the East the name of the Canadian horse disease, makes its appearance in Chicago. Happily, the building work of the year, to which, earlier in the season, the advent of a contagion that has already placed an almost complete embargo on local transit, would have proven most disastrous, is now mainly completed. What remains to be done is principally the inner work, the finishing and decoration of interiors, which may be temporarily embarrassed, but will not be seriously affected by the interruption.

### OUR FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

THE history of Insurance, both fire and life, is not unlike that of Chicago. An institution in the last century, its advantages were but little known or appreciated. The great facts of its growth have been accomplished within the past fifty years — since Cook county was organized, and Chicago settled. It now pervades the whole of the civilized world, as the fame and influence of the Garden City does to-day. And its history in the United States, during the past thirteen months, is still more closely paralleled by that of the Western metropolis; both suffered a wide-spread and overwhelming disaster, and both have since experienced an unusual degree of prosperity.

Ere the flames had ceased their devastating sweep in October, 1871, it was generally believed that a large majority of the Fire Insurance companies in the United States would fail, and that very many of them were ruined beyond hope of restoration. Subsequent examination has shown that these fears were far from being groundless; as the \$96,400,000 of insured loss was chargeable against a grand total of less than \$146,000,000 of gross assets, no small proportion of which could only be realized at a considerable loss. Not far from three-fourths of all the available means of the three hundred and forty odd Fire Insurance companies were called for to meet their ob-

ligations for the losses of that one fire. It is no wonder that sixty-eight companies were placed *hors du combat* by the event.

The shock to the Insurance interest of the United States was thus much greater than that which Chicago suffered; she lost barely one-third of her available assets in the flames, and recovered nearly one-fourth as indemnity. In like manner, the Insurance companies have been already partially indemnified, as a class, by increased premium rates and larger business than ever before.

The recent annual report of the Insurance Commission of this State gives the total amount of losses claimed from the companies as \$96,553,721; of which 51.9 per cent., or \$50,111,381, has been paid, or will be paid, on the loss claimed.

It is a somewhat prevalent idea among Chicago business men, and one frequently expressed, that the Insurance companies doing business in Chicago have more than made up, in their premiums the past year, all their losses by the Fire. This is far from the fact. The average annual premium paid for Fire Insurance in Chicago, with interest on the same, are estimated at not over \$2,500,000; and, without any allowance for losses or interest, it would take thirty years' annual premiums to make up the losses of the Insurance companies by the Fire.

As is well known, our home institutions fared the worst. The twenty-two Illinois companies doing business in this city carried risks in the burned district to the amount of \$34,426,474.50, and their losses aggregated \$31,706,633, or nearly one-third of the whole; to meet which they had a total of \$6,065,355, or less than one-fifth of the required amount. As many as seventeen of these companies went into liquidation, and the entire sum realized by policy holders in the Illinois companies was a little less than ten per cent. (9.9) of the losses.

The number of companies having risks in the burned district was 201; of which 67 were located in New York, 29 in Ohio, 23 in Massachusetts, 11 in Connecticut, and 6 in Great Britain. Neglecting the 22 Illinois companies, we find that the 179 from other States held risks for \$65,799,305, on which they have paid \$34,872,487, —53 per cent. of the whole amount at risk. The States showing 100 per cent. record are Great Britain, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. The 68 suspended companies were scattered over New York State (26); Illinois (17); Connecticut (7); Ohio (5); Rhode Island (5); Massachusetts (3); California (3); Pennsylvania (1); and Maryland (1).

The great loss entailed by home insurance was due to what is now universally conceded to have been a mistaken policy, which discriminated against companies organized in other States. The fire proved, as had previously been insisted on by a few, that such policy was in direct opposition to the leading idea of Insurance—that the losses of the individual should be borne by the many. The home companies lost their property in the same fire that rendered them liable for the losses of others, and crippled their stockholders so much that they were unable to bear assessments to make up the deficit. Not the least of the benefits conferred by the disaster of 1871 was the utter explosion of the home insurance humbug; and the benefit is far from being limited to Chicago—the doctrine of widespread insurance against fire is now a cardinal point in the creed of every company in the land, and of every well-in-

formed insurer. The Insurance laws of this State have been remodelled to correspond in some degree to the advanced state of popular knowledge on the subject.

Besides the 68 companies rendered insolvent, 6 others ceased to do business within the year ending with June last. Their place has been taken by 57 new ones, having an aggregate capital of \$22,000,000, against the \$20,573,462 capital and \$5,127,624 of surplus retired by the companies that discontinued business. There are now about 100 companies that take risks in Chicago, only two or three of which are home companies.

One most important result of the fire is a general advance in the rates of insurance, all over the United States—the Chicago rates of the past year averaging nearly double those before the fire. The following comparative table shows the two sets of rates on each \$100. for the principal risks, before and since the fire:

Risk.	Before.	After.
Frame Dwellings,	50c @ \$1.00	90c @ \$1.00
Brick Dwellings,	25 @ 50	50 @ 75
Brick, Stone, and Iron		
stores in business centre,	50 @ 60	1.10 @ 1.35
Stocks of dry goods, gro-		
ceries, boots & shoes, &c.	50 @ 75	1.20 @ 1.50
Drugs and other hazard-		
ous stocks,	2 50 @ 3.00	3.00 @ 3.50
Lumber,	75 @ 1.00	2.00
Elevators and grain,	1.50	3.00 @ 3.50
Planing mills, etc.,	6.00 @ 10.00	10.00 @ 12.00
Other manufactories, not		
extra hazardous,	1.25 @ 1.50	2.50

This is an average increase of about 80 per cent. in rates, and fully 100 per cent. in the amount of premiums paid on property, because the burned district is being covered with more costly buildings than previously. It must not, however, be inferred that the companies have taken twice as much money in Chicago since the fire as during the same space of time preceding that event. Within twelve months from date the \$1,500,000 of the past will have swelled into \$3,000,000 of annual premiums paid as insurance against fire, on property in Chicago.

The past year has been a highly prosperous one for the companies, the losses since October, 1871, having been unusually small. Nevertheless the most conserva-



tive companies are far from feeling safe, and several have refused to take risks in the rebuilt city. They say, truly, that although the new structures are much more nearly fire-proof than the old ones, yet the general conditions of two years ago exist to a great extent now. The business district has still a long line of inflammable structures stretching away for several miles to the southwest, directly in the path of our "favorite" wind—as Dr. Rauch might call it—and another fire might break out at any moment that would sweep the city as before.

With all our care, our fire limits legislation, and our improved architecture, it will be many years yet before Chicago will be a favorite field for action on the part of companies that wish to do a safe business on moderate premiums.

The following is a complete list of all the Fire Insurance companies which have complied with the Insurance laws of this State, and are now doing business in Chicago. Those which have been admitted since the fire are marked with a star (\*):

- American, Chicago.
- \*Aetna, Hartford, Conn.
- \*Arctic, New York City.
- \*Alps, Erie, Pa.
- \*Amazon, Cincinnati, O.
- American Central, St. Louis, Mo.
- \*Allemannia, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- \*Armenia, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Alemania, Cleveland, O.
- \*Adriatic, New York City.
- \*Agricultural, Watertown, N. Y.
- \*Bangor, Bangor, Me.
- Brewers', Milwaukee, Wis.
- \*Bay State, Worcester, Mass.
- \*Black River, Watertown, N. Y.
- \*Brewers' and Malsters', New York.
- Citizens', New York City.
- \*Citizens', Newark, N. J.
- Continental, New York City.
- \*Connecticut, Hartford, Conn.
- \*Commercial Union, London, Eng.
- \*Clay Fire and Marine, Newport, Ky.
- Detroit Fire and Marine, Detroit, Mich.
- \*Eastern, Bangor, Me.
- \*Exchange, New York City.
- \*Exchange, Boston, Mass.
- \*Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.
- \*Farmers' Mutual, York, Pa.
- \*Fairfield County, Norwalk, Conn.
- \*Firemens' Fund, San Francisco, Cal.
- \*Firemens' F. M. U., New York City.
- \*Firemens', Dayton, O.
- \*First National, Worcester, Mass.
- \*Franklin, Wheeling, W. Va.
- \*Globe, Chicago.

- \*German American, New York City.
- \*German, Erie, Pa.
- Girard, Philadelphia, Pa.
- \*Glens Falls, New York City.
- Hartford, Hartford, Conn.
- \*Hoffman, New York City.
- Home, Columbus, O.
- \*Humboldt, Newark, N. J.
- Home, New York City.
- Howard, New York City.
- \*Hamburg-Bremen, Hamburg, Germany.
- Imperial, London, England.
- Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia, Pa.
- International, New York City.
- \*Kansas, Leavenworth, Kan.
- Liverpool and London and Globe, London and Liverpool.
- \*London Assurance Corporation, London, Eng.
- Lycoming, Muncy, Pa.
- Manufacturers', Boston, Mass.
- \*Market, New York City.
- \*Mechanics' Mutual, Milwaukee, Wis.
- \*Michigan State, Adrian, Mich.
- \*Mississippi Valley, Memphis, Tenn.
- \*Mechanics' and Traders', New York City.
- \*Meridian, Meridian, Conn.
- \*Merchants', Newark, N. J.
- \*Mercantile, Cleveland, O.
- \*Mutual Insurance Association, New Orleans, La.
- \*National, Hartford, Conn.
- \*National, Boston, Mass.
- \*National, Philadelphia, Pa.
- \*National, New York City.
- \*National, Bangor, Me.
- Northwestern National, Milwaukee, Wis.
- \*North Missouri, Macon, Mo.
- N. British and Mercantile, Liverpool, England.
- \*Orient, Hartford, Conn.
- \*Old Dominion, Richmond, Va.
- \*Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Peoples', Worcester, Mass.
- \*Peoples', Newark, N. J.
- Phenix, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Phenix, Hartford, Conn.
- \*Queen, London, England.
- Royal, Liverpool, England.
- Springfield F. and M., Springfield, Mass.
- \*Star, New York City.
- \*State, Hannibal, Mo.
- \*St. Nicholas, New York City.
- St. Paul F. and M., St. Paul, Minn.
- St. Joseph F. and M., St. Joseph, Mo.
- Sun, Cleveland, O.
- \*Standard, New York City.
- \*Traders', Chicago.
- \*Tradesmens', New York City.
- \*Triumph, Cincinnati, O.
- Underwriters' Agency, New York City.
- \*Union, Bangor, Me.
- \*Westchester, New Rochelle, N. Y.
- \*Williamsburg City, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wisdom demands an extensive patronage of insurance companies, and a wide diffusion of risks. References are made below to a few of the leading and best known

companies doing business in Chicago—companies that have passed successfully through all the vicissitudes incident to a prosperous business, and met promptly all legitimate demands. They are among the most reliable in the world; and in them the trust of the insurer may safely be placed.

Royal Insurance Company, Liverpool, England. Organized 1845. Cash assets, Jan. 1st, 1872, gold, \$11,477,140.22. Cash Investments and Deposits in the United States, \$1,302,796.59. Surplus over all liabilities as to policy-holders, \$3,056,207.-33. C. H. Case, Manager Northwestern States, 160 LaSalle street.

Home Insurance Company of New York. Cash capital, \$2,500,000. Assets, July 1st, 1872, \$4,393,564.51. Liabilities, \$174,008.59. Arthur C. Ducat, Agent, corner Madison and Market streets.

New York Underwriters' Agency. Cash assets, \$3,779,401.09. James B. Floyd, Agent, 168 LaSalle street.

The Imperial Fire Insurance Company of London. Organized in 1803. Cash assets, \$10,898,489.82. Deposited in the United States for security for American policy-holders, \$1,055,505.82. Noted as being an exclusively Fire company, and paying its losses without deducting for interest. Davis & Requa, Agents, Bryan Block, LaSalle street.

North Missouri Insurance Company, of Macon, Mo. (Fire and Inland Marine.) Capital, \$500,000. H. S. Tiffany & Co., General Agents, 158 LaSalle street.

The Traders' Insurance Company, of

Chicago. Cash Capital, \$500,000. Surplus, November 1, 1872, over \$100,000 Wm. E. Rollo, 25 and 27 Chamber of Commerce.

American Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia. Organized 1810. Assets, \$1,250,000. W. H. Cunningham, Agent, No. 120 LaSalle street.

Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia. Organized 1825. Assets, \$1,250,000. W. H. Cunningham, Agent, No. 120 LaSalle street.

Continental Insurance Company, of New York. Organized December, 1852. Cash assets, \$2,509,526.27. Liabilities, \$1,223,348.56. Surplus, \$1,286,141.71. O. W. Barrett & Co., Agents, 120 LaSalle street.

Triumph Insurance Company, of Cincinnati. Assets (Aug. 15, '72), \$789,504.45. Liabilities, \$92,492.11. Re-insurance reserve, \$296,256.31. I. J. Lewis, Agent, 21 Chamber of Commerce.

Phenix Insurance Company, of Brooklyn. Cash assets, \$1,900,000. Losses paid in twenty years, \$8,000,000. R. S. Critchell, Agent, 127 LaSalle street.

Aetna Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn. Organized 1819. Losses paid in fifty-three years, \$35,000,000. Losses paid in Chicago Fire, \$3,766,423.09. Cash assets July 1, '72, \$4,847,629.91. Goodwin & Pasco, Agents, 162 LaSalle street.

Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia. Organized 1794. Cash assets, Jan. 1, '72, \$3,212,175.99. Losses paid, over \$26,000,000. C. H. Case, Agent, 160 LaSalle street.